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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

JULY, 1923

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The Logos and Life

E la sua volontate è nostra pace:
Ella è quel mare, al qual tutto si move
Ciò ch' ella crea e che natura face.

—Dante, *Paradiso*, III.

"Nay, 'tis the essence of this blessed being to hold ourselves within the Divine Will, whereby our own wills are themselves made one. . . . And His will is our peace; it is that sea to which all moves that it createth and that nature maketh."

If we consider the Logos to be infinite Wisdom and Power and Love immortal, we may hold that all life, guided, inspired and ruled by the Logos, has as its purpose to infuse into our hearts wisdom and love and power and immortality, and steadily to increase their measure there toward the measure of its own boundless beneficence.

And, if we hold that the Masters of Wisdom are the ministers of the Logos, we may then consistently believe that the ceaseless purpose of the Masters, the Buddhas and the Christs of all past times and of the present and all time to come, is the same: to infuse into us such wisdom and love and power and immortality as is the essence of their own majestic life; a purpose which in them flames as a fire of benediction, from which we also may catch fire.

If this be true as a universal principle, it must be true in every particular; not only life as a totality, but every detail, every daily and hourly setting of life, must have the same benignant purpose. If this be so, then nothing happens at random or uselessly; all things are weighed and planned and directed to that end.

But before we can become receptive of a consciousness so deep, so rich, so holy, there must be long preparation and apprenticeship. And we may learn to see, in the daily life of the moving crowds among whom we pass our lives,

that ceaseless training and preparation are in truth going on, the training of multitudes who, in one sense, are hardly conscious that they are alive; who never pause to ask themselves whither they are bound, and what life's purpose, for them individually, and for us all, may be.

We may, perhaps, gain a deeper insight into this universal training and preparation, if we ask ourselves what must be the quality of a consciousness which shall be fit to approach, and in due time to enter into the mighty and immortal consciousness of the Logos; what must be the temper and texture of a soul, fitting it to become one with the Divine Soul.

In such a soul, in such a consciousness, there must be a quick, sensitive conformity with the spirit and nature of the Logos, the essence of filial love and an ever obedient will; a will obedient as Dante tells us that the angels are, because of their own nature they freely will what God wills, and eagerly and joyfully perform whatever they discern of the purposes of God.

Therefore a long training in obedience to law must be essential, a training continued until the soul is saturated through and through with joy in obedience. And it is one of the gravest criticisms of our times, that we have so little reverence for obedience as a principle, so little willingness to obey because it is right to obey, because the spirit of obedience is essential in order that we may respond to the divine leading of the Logos, which penetrates every detail, every circumstance and force of our lives.

It is a part of the same criticism, that men have so largely lost the sense of those powers and qualities in other men which deserve and demand obedience; that so few seek, by their own higher obedience, to bring into activity in themselves that quality of soul which others should obey; neither through fear nor through any shade of self-seeking, but for love of that which deserves love, through reverence of what inspires reverence.

If life were rightly and worthily lived, in filial conformity with the beauty of holiness, there would be, among the visible leaders of men, something of that which disciples reverence in their Master, whom they joyfully obey, not because they seek anything for themselves, not because they fear, but through overmastering love.

Through this joyful, loyal obedience of spirit and heart and mind and the whole nature, disciples grow into the divine nature of their Master, as he has grown, by a like loyal and loving obedience, into the divine life of the Logos.

While the purpose of the Logos and its ministers, the Masters of Wisdom, must in many ways be thwarted and held back by this lack of the quality of nobility in our life to-day, whether it be the nobility which inspires obedience or the nobility which loyally obeys, yet the Logos, the eternal Wisdom, is too resourceful, too potent, too penetrating, not to seek the same end by some other means which our life to-day, though lacking in nobility, may be able to afford.

Perhaps this is one of the causes of what we call the age of industrialism. We may, if we are so disposed, rejoice in its supposed triumphs; or we may lament its hardness and raw ugliness. But we shall be wise also to seek its deeper purpose, its more enduring fruit.

This age of industry is busy, not so much with materials, as with the forces embodied in materials. And no material can be successfully employed except by seeking and gaining an insight into the forces it embodies, and by a faithful obedience to these forces.

We call this the age of iron, of steel; and steel and iron are gathered sheaves of force. They are force made visible, force which must be studied and its laws faithfully complied with, if our structures are to stand up and hold together; if our complex machines are to do their work. In the handling of them, there is a constant compulsion to obedience, an obedience which is in fact willingly and loyally rendered.

It is well worth while, with this thought in mind, to watch those who are engaged in our many mechanical industries and their operations; to see how the complex machine teaches and trains the man, after the man has invented and built the machine; to note the qualities of attention, of alertness and energy which the machine imposes on the man who operates it.

His conscious view is, in all probability, that he is earning money because he needs or wishes to spend it on many things which he desires. But, if our thought be true, there is a second purpose going on, a deeper end attained; the all-wise Logos is teaching him lessons, drilling essential qualities into his soul, while he imagines he is serving his own purposes only.

While the workman counts up his earnings, while his employer reckons the gains or losses of the whole complex operation in which the workman is a part, the Logos may draw up a more significant balance-sheet, recording that he has, through so many hours, gained so many units in the practice and training of obedience: not the highest obedience, not the noble obedience of a loyal soul to a greater and more luminously inspired soul, but still obedience; an obedience which, when it has been thoroughly learned, may in the fulness of time be transmuted into the nobler obedience of the consenting heart.

If we take a penetrating and imaginative view of the whole immense and pervading activity of our industry, we shall see that the lesson is going forward on a tremendous scale. While millions of men think they are serving their own ends, they are really being trained to the ends of the Logos; quite unknowingly, but none the less really, they are gaining those qualities which shall fit them, when their day of spiritual birth comes, to enter into conscious conformity with the life of the Logos in the splendour of its immortality.

Take next our commerce: the buying and selling of so many things, useful or useless, which engages large classes from morn till eve, day after day, year in and year out.

It is a truism among these people themselves that the first step toward every sale is to find out what the buyer wants, and to supply it. There would seem to be no exception to the rule that every great fortune has been gained in this one way: by discovering something which large masses of people desire, and by bringing it to them. There may be a good deal of cheating, of fraud, of chicane; but they do not bring the great successes. People know what they want, in a general way. They may, and often do, want things that they would

be much better without; but that is beside the question for our present thought. The essential fact is, that the successful merchant must discern exactly what they want, and must supply it.

To do this, he must exercise a quality of divination, he must learn to study and read their wishes, and sensitively to respond to them; and, if he seeks a continuing success, he must give them the feeling that they have got exactly what they desire, so that they will come back to him for more.

So far as he is concerned, his motive may be no better than self-seeking. None the less he is being trained, unknown to himself, in something finer than self-seeking. Looking forward with faith, we can see that the same sensitive divination will, in the fulness of time, when his day of spiritual light has dawned, guide him into seeking and discerning the purposes of the Logos, the thoughts and wishes in the heart of God.

Take another side of our life: the gregariousness so characteristic of the cities, which are so imperiously drawing us into their whirlpool life to-day. Think of the immense crowds which surge through our railway stations morning and evening, threading their divergent ways among meeting crowds; the swarms of human beings gathered in our factories, our huge office buildings.

Underneath much in all this that is repellent and a ceaseless strain, something of greater value is being gained. Once more quite unconsciously, these seething masses of men and women are being inducted into an instinctive realization of the sea of human consciousness in which they move. In our immense railway stations, in packed trains, in the rushing rivers of the streets, they must take note of each other as living beings, even when there is little sense of finer human values. If only in self-defence, they must be alert, active, observant, on pain of colliding with each other. Thus something of the total of human consciousness, albeit on a level not yet fully human, is trained and driven into them, just as obedience is being driven into those who operate machines.

The swiftly moving crowds teach each other certain essential lessons, one day to become available for larger and nobler ends. As each one is now compelled to remember that he is part of a great human consciousness, so he may in time be prepared to recognize himself as a part of a greater divine consciousness, and with grateful joy to conform himself to its finer nature.

Take again that striking feature of our life to-day, the swiftness of movement, the ceaseless rushing through space, which is either an overmastering passion or an all-compelling necessity. At no time of which we have any record did each human being average so many miles in his journey from birth to death, or cover them at so great a speed. This must inevitably drive in upon the consciousness a quality of ceaseless motion, an aroused, alert energy, which may gradually ascend step by step to the wide-sweeping yet perfectly focussed consciousness and will of the Masters of Wisdom, from whom further steps go upward to the supreme consciousness, the eternal motion, of Life itself, the everlasting Logos.

It is part of the infinite beneficence of that Life, that the Masters of Wisdom come among us, as the Buddha came, as the Christ came, to reveal to us the

essential nature of Divine Life, that supreme Consciousness and Will of infinite beauty, infinite wisdom, infinite love, whither all our human pathways tend.

The Buddha in his serene selflessness, the Christ with his passionate love, bring close to us, and put us in immediate touch with, the splendours of Divine Life which are our destiny and goal.

It would not be difficult to press home the same lesson, the ceaseless teaching and guidance of the Logos, with regard to every activity of our complex life. In our consideration, we have touched on only a few external points. We have said nothing of the individual genius of nations and the revelation that underlies true national life. We have said nothing of the finer intimacies between soul and soul, which so evidently teach and inspire. We have said nothing of art, which might reveal so much of the unseen. We have said nothing of the beneficent lessons of pain and suffering and sorrow, which admonish us of laws of the Logos which we are ignoring or violating, thus mercifully doing their part of the eternal work.

All these things must be studied by us and learned, until we see their significance and meaning, seeking to understand them, not as the human souls who are in the midst of them see them, nor as they may appear in our own personal view, but as the Masters of Wisdom see them, as they are directed to serve the eternal ends of the Logos.

For we shall be well advised to hold that, however much men and devils may seek to pervert life, to make it mischievous and destructive, the Masters of Wisdom and the Logos in the long run win, the divine ends are always served and attained, even in the face of perpetual blindness or opposition. Every detail, every quality and fact, is being used and turned to the uses of divinity, not occasionally or at favorable junctures only, but everywhere and always.

If this be so, then it would seem that we may draw certain conclusions for our own use.

If the whole of human life, and even all the perversions of life, are being directed by a conscious, divine purpose to beneficent spiritual ends, in the transmutation of human consciousness into divine consciousness; if this be true of life in general, it must be true of my life and yours. It must be true of us in every detail, at every point of our lives; in every hour, every moment even, the divine lesson is being presented for our learning, and therefore at this point, this hour, this moment; the lesson which, as we learn it, will lead us a step nearer to divine wisdom, divine love, immortality. We must learn to see these lessons; we must teach ourselves to look for them, that we may see them. The first step is to understand that they are there, and that to a considerable degree we are missing them because we keep our eyes shut.

A second conclusion we may draw is that, if humanity as a whole and all human beings are being so taught and guided and helped in spite of blind incomprehension, in spite of recalcitrance and resistance, in spite of wilful disobedience and evil contrary purposes; if, in the teeth of all this, true progress is being made toward the divine goal, then it must follow that, if we substitute for resistance a loyal and eager obedience, if we are willing to open our eyes

and to be cured of blindness, if we will go gallantly forward to meet the divine teaching, we shall instantly change the complexion of our lives, bringing our wills into conformity with the purpose of the Logos, bringing ourselves into harmony with the teaching of the Masters of Wisdom; and the gain will be incalculable.

The child whose heart is filled to overflowing with loving obedience, the pupil who is full of enthusiasm, the student whose soul kindles with intuitive and sympathetic understanding, how rapidly and with what joy they learn, how splendidly they go forward! The willing, eager co-working of genuine love, alight and aflame, is the true stone of transmutation, transforming, purifying, enkindling heart and soul and understanding. The disciple who has given his whole heart to the Master in devoted love, receives in full the blessing of the Master's peace, a peace which is full of the consuming activity of devotion. In the fulness of time, he learns to set his hand wisely and effectively to his Master's work, even to lift something of the heavy burden his Master bears; in time he too may become a minister of the Logos, working to lead mankind forward on the way of Divinity.

We may elect to be pushed and dragged along that way, like prisoners under arrest, or to go forward of happy choice, inspired by love. It will be profitable, perhaps, in the beginning, to realize that what we call our minds, practically everything we now think of as ourselves, is so much plastic material, to be moulded to better uses. We may begin by directing our powers of thought and understanding firmly to impress on these minds of ours the primary truth that each moment, each juncture, has its divine lessons; and, when we have imbued our minds with this fundamental truth, we may then take the step that logically follows, and set our intelligence to work to seek the lesson, enkindling our hearts to learn it, to follow it, to put it into effect.

Since we have so long been wilfully or heedlessly blind, we shall at first see vaguely and indistinctly, with the eyes of infants not yet coming to a clear focus; we shall go forward with the halting steps of little children, not yet able to stand firmly, or to walk without unsteadiness and feebleness.

Like infants, like little children: could there be any simile of more evident promise? Is it not of universal experience that infants learn to see, that little children learn to walk?

Let us borrow from them something more: the happy, confident faith with which all childhood accomplishes these miracles, and the continuing joy in effort which sets the child going again, after never so many falls.

The lessons are there, set as clearly in the frame of day and hour as the pictures on our walls; as the child learns in no long time to see the pictures on the walls, and to understand their meaning, so may we, if we put our hearts into it, learn the significance of the day, the hour, the task, discerning just what lesson, what fault to be corrected, what gift of illumination, of humility, has been put there by the Masters of Wisdom, ministers of the Logos; put there, waiting for us to see. It is possible to long ardently to be taught by Masters, and to sit through lesson after lesson with our eyes shut.

As our love is kindled by reception of the spirit of Divine Life, we shall see, we shall learn, we shall obey. We shall muster courage to drive the self of evil out of ourselves with increasing detestation, to draw into our hearts instead obedience and light and love; we shall see that these days of ours are veils of the Eternal, not in some vague or abstract way, but instantly, in every moment, at every point. By desiring to cooperate, we shall already begin to cooperate in the great and magnificent work the Lords of Life, the Masters of Wisdom, have in hand. By receiving the spirit of obedient love into our hearts, and entering in spirit with our own efforts into the divine purpose, we shall share in the work of leading the innumerable assemblage of souls forward toward the everlasting home; toward a life which is infinite love, infinite beauty, infinite wisdom, infinite beneficence.

We shall discover that work to this divine end, in the spirit of obedient love, far from wearying us, deeply refreshes us. As we spend ourselves and pour forth our efforts, we become thereby richer, not poorer; as we follow the light, we shall gain light; as we surrender joy, we shall increase in joy. But we shall do this, not because of these rewards, but rather in purity of heart, through love, in humility and obedience, in reverence and awe before the living miracle of divine love and mercy and benediction.

He may be the poorest and most ill-paid labourer; but God will recognise his industry not in proportion to its technical skill, but according to the spiritual excellence which goes into it.—"THE CONQUEST OF FEAR," BY BASIL KING.

Said St. Michael: "Would you know me? Long that His will be done."—ANON.

To serve one's prince without reference to the act, but only to the service, is the perfection of a subject's loyalty.—CHUANG TZU.

FRAGMENTS

HE stood before me, tall and straight and beautiful. I challenged him: Ho, Angel-Visitor, what message do you bring!

His voice was low and clear, with the murmur of streams on twilight hill-sides. I bring you peace, he said, and rest.

A Brother of the Shadow, thou, I cried, to bring me these in the midst of warfare! I take no message from thee. Return to those who sent.

He stood immovable, as one above the turmoil of my days. A sighing wind passed by, scent-laden, bringing visions of the dew-drenched gardens it had passed, wide fields where cattle grazed knee-deep in waving grass, and rivers moved in silence. Slow smoke rose upward from some hidden home, melting into the tinted sunset clouds; and, with it, prospects of long hours of cultured ease, and gentle occupations in serene content, mingled old memories with future hopes. An ache crept over me: the Way was hard.

I looked at him. He stood before me tall and straight and beautiful.

You lie, I said. Those are the pictures of a passing world, a life of thistle-down and butterflies. On this stern battlefield where fights my King, where death and evil meet his upraised sword, I find a greater beauty—in his Face, and all it holds of purpose and of love. There be my joy, and all I ask of heaven! Go spread your lies where gnats may find them and reward your toil! Return to those who sent, and leave me to the hardness of my Way. Here every stone is streaked with his dear blood, and if I hasten I may follow close, hearing his voice above the endless din, sharing a weariness far too sublime to be surrendered for a dream of peace.

CAVÉ.

BACKGROUND AND GLAMOUR

DESPITE all that has been said and written of the unity of being, and of the doctrine of correspondences which is its corollary, it may be doubted whether most of us make sufficient use of this doctrine in our approach to the more subtile and difficult problems which our studies present. If life be indeed one, we must have in what is familiar and commonplace perfect analogies for what at first seems unfamiliar and mysterious. The physical world must be a picture of the psychic world and of the spiritual world, reversed, perhaps, as a picture in a mirror, or drawn in accordance with some as yet uninterpreted method of perspective or projection—as flat maps are drawn in the endeavour to represent the round earth. But if the doctrine holds, as we are confident it does, there must be a perfect correspondence of some kind; and if we could form the habit of looking for such correspondences, of translating physical nature into terms of consciousness and spirit, rather than leaving it as though it concerned only matter, it should make our study of psychic and spiritual things far easier to us.

Of course we all apply this principle to some extent. We see in the succession of the seasons and of day and night, in the budding of the trees and the withdrawal of the sap to their roots, illustrations of the law of cycles, and of reincarnation. The obvious fact that every stick has two ends—that it is impossible to cut off one end so short that it will have no other—may be seen as an analogue of the law of Karma; and each one of us could draw up his own particular list of the physical analogies which he has used and found helpful to a better understanding of theosophic principles. It is, however, not so much a collection of illustrations that we want, as the habit of mind which, avoiding the pitfalls of loose and undiscriminating generalization, still sees universal significance in every fact, and which so orders and marshals its entire experience as to make of it a background against which the immediate problem stands forth.

In reading recently a number of different books on psychoanalysis, psychotherapy, and autosuggestion, I was impressed with the lack of background in what I read, and in particular with the general failure to take adequate account of the duality that marks man's unconscious nature, as it enters into all his conscious life. Reflecting upon this, it occurred to me that it might be of use and of interest to sketch such a background, even though it were only an outline, which each student would have to fill in more completely for himself, but against which he could set up his own special psychic studies as a foreground. The aim of this article is, therefore, no more ambitious than to furnish a sort of photographer's curtain or backdrop, a rustic scene against which, indifferently, all sorts of figures may be posed artistically—or, if you please, to present Hamlet, with Hamlet left out.

Let me begin by recalling certain essential conditions for physical life as we know it—conditions which are so familiar that their significance is rarely considered. As Mr. Wilson pointed out in his *Ancient and Modern Physics*, we do not live *on* the Earth but far *within* it; on the surface of the solid ground certainly, but also at the bottom of the vast, covering ocean of gaseous substance, oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen and carbon compounds, which constitute the atmosphere and are as real a part of the earth as are the solid rock and soil. Instead of likening our globe to an orange, therefore, it would be better to compare it to a peach, whose stone corresponds to the solid earth and whose flesh to the atmosphere; our physical life being confined to the narrow belt where these two opposites meet and interact one upon the other. Rise ten miles above the surface of the ground, or penetrate ten miles beneath it, and physical life such as ours is impossible. In comparison with the peach, the thickness of this belt, capable of supporting life, is about that of a thin sheet of paper. It is in this thin belt alone that the Earth presents the juncture and interaction of physical opposites which are essential conditions of physical life. It is only there that we find together, acting one upon the other, solid and gaseous substance, earth and air, water which quenches fire and fire which evaporates water—the four physical "elements" of the ancients.

This is the first characteristic of our background: *whatever life may be, it manifests only in the midst of duality, in the juncture and interaction of pairs of opposites.*

As this fact is basic to any true understanding of manifest life, it will be well to dwell upon it, and to learn to recognize and take account of it, not only on the plane of physical substance but on all other planes of manifestation. Thus, considering energy, rather than substance, we find the same duality, the same interaction. On the one hand there is the direct free energy that comes to us in the light and heat and magnetism of the sun's rays. On the other, there is that which lies latent, or is stored up from the past in coal and wood, in the myriad forms of organic nature and in the chemistry of the soil; the energy which acts from atom to atom, and that which is locked within the interior of the atom itself. Life is sustained only by the juncture of this free and latent energy, *by the interaction of what has been stored in the past with what is given free and anew each day.* Neither alone could suffice; both are necessary, and their action one upon the other.

Looking to our mental life we see that it, too, presupposes or creates duality, and manifests only in the interaction of opposites: the known and the unknown, the true and the false, the visible and the invisible, the open and the hidden. Our minds function only in such opposites. Could we move freely in the vast globe of mental stuff—mayavic substance—and pass in it above or below the belt of duality, we should enter regions where mental life, as we know it, would be impossible. The very basis of our logic is the opposition of the "A" and the "Not A." Every concept we form recognizes or creates a duality. Not only the energy, but the meaning and the form of our thinking and our speech, are the interactions of what has been stored in our minds through the past—

our memories, our experience, our concepts and vocabulary—with what comes new and fresh as present, nascent purpose and inspiration.

It is the same with our moral life. Good and bad, better and worse, for self or for loyalty, for the temporal or the eternal—without such opposites morality would have no meaning.

So also with the emotions—the liked and the disliked, pleasure and pain, ease and hardship, love and hate, hope and fear—such dualities are the stuff of which the emotions are compounded.

There is no need to proceed further with lists that could be indefinitely extended. The principle they illustrate, the fact they prove, should be clear. We may, therefore, hold our first point established, and that, whatever we are considering, we may profitably consider it against the background of duality which characterizes all manifest life; but before we leave it we should look directly at the duality which is, perhaps, the most fundamental, the most intimate and the most mysterious of all—the duality of past and future, of which the present is but the juncture and interaction, and which, in one form or another, underlies and interpenetrates every other duality. Thus what is solid was at one time gaseous; water is the ash of flame, the matrix of future flame. The latent energy of coal was once free and radiant from the sun, and that which now comes each day anew to us, from that self-giving centre of our universe, was stored up in it through ages past. The words, the structure, the set forms and habits and concepts, through which my present purpose and thought must express themselves, were once fluidic, plastic, nascent inspiration. In every duality we can see something suggestive of this temporal duality of past and future, and the perception emerges that *the realm of duality and the realm of time are one and the same.*

We may turn now to an even more fundamental principle, and one which, if not featured in every background, must rob the whole picture of its perspective: *Beneath, above, or within every duality is an essential unity.*

Science makes this patent enough in the field of substance, for in the modern theories all material atoms are conceived as systems of electrons or ions—infinitesimal electric particles revolving around a central nucleus or "sun"—the differences between different substances owing their origin to the difference in the number and arrangement of these revolving electronic "planets." In the field of energy it is equally obvious that we are dealing with two different states of *the same thing* when we consider the energy coming newly to us from the sun, or stored in a lump of coal. It is not so obvious, but it is equally true, in the domain of consciousness, in the fields of morals, emotions and intellect. The opposites are polar opposites, and *the duality is one thing which has become polarized into two.*

The study of languages offers interesting evidence in support of this thesis. In innumerable cases the same root appears in each of an opposing pair, and etymologists have asserted that originally the same word was used for both. Unity is the root of duality. The unity comes first, the duality second. They are not on the same plane; what is a unity on its own plane becomes duality

on the plane beneath—as a single beam of white light passing through a prism becomes polarized and spread out into the spectrum.

There is an inherent difficulty in making this relation of unity to duality clear in words, for, as pointed out above, our language is itself only an aggregate of dualities, the polarized refraction of percepts and concepts, so that whatever is put into words is by that fact represented in an aspect of duality rather than as a unity. But it is possible at least to suggest and indicate the relation. Thus there is first sensation, and afterwards its polarization as pleasure or pain. Duration suggests the unity of which past and future are the dual derivatives. Awareness underlies the distinction between the clear and the vague; and consciousness both transcends and is immanent in truth and falsity. Duality may thus be thought of as bearing the same relation to unity as adjectives bear to nouns. The word "book" stands for a concept. On its own plane, the plane of concepts, it is unmodified, itself, no adjectives adhering to it. But in the concrete world each book is a book of a certain kind, good or bad, long or short, interesting or dull, bound or unbound. So unity exists as unity on its own plane, but *manifests* on the plane beneath it always in duality.

With this established, we may enunciate a third principle, filling in, as it were, the space between the other two. *In the domain of our consciousness we ourselves create duality from unity and mark the point of juncture of our opposites.*

Once stated, this needs little argument. What are loved and hated are determined by him who loves and hates. Known and unknown are relative to the knower. Light and darkness depend upon the character of the vision that discriminates between them. What is better for one is worse for another. Positive and negative, before and behind, future and past, change their content with the position of the point from which they are seen or measured. The future becomes the past as we advance. The past reaches into and becomes one with what was future. The "Eternal Now" is different for each different individual; different with different moods or modes of consciousness of the same individual. We fall into a reverie, yield ourselves to memories and dreams, and are back again in our youth, or when we first looked out at the new world which Theosophy opened for us. Life then lay ahead, new, unknown, untrod—the future marked off sharply from the past, as different to our hope and thought as is the day from night. Yet now it is all past, yet one with the present; all one unbroken flow, one life, one purpose, one meaning, over which consciousness has moved through the years, illuminating and verifying it, as the beam of a search light may sweep over the shore, its narrow circle of light piercing the covering darkness and revealing in succession headland and inlet, forest and meadow, rock and sand. Life is one, and time is but the play of consciousness upon duration; but whatever is manifest becomes manifest in duality.

Thus we find man, on every plane of his manifest life, at the juncture of two opposites; and each of these opposites is infinite. He is as a ship at sea upon an infinite ocean. Wherever he is, he is the centre of the circle of his own

horizon, and as he advances it advances with him, limiting his vision but limiting nothing else. This circle is divided into two halves by the diameter through its centre at right angles to his course. The one half lies behind him, the other ahead. To move into the one is to move forward, to fulfil his purpose, to succeed. To move into the other is to move backward, to be temporarily defeated in his purpose, to fail. This is his condition irrespective of where he is, or on what course he sails, or what his purpose. From the moment there is any purpose, any course, any movement, the whole plane that it concerns is polarized into two opposing halves, whose juncture and disjunction are the point of movement.

If, therefore, we would symbolize man's manifest life, let us think of an infinite plane, divided into two parts by a straight line. On the one side of this line, let us say, the plane is coloured black, and on the other white. Here, on this dividing line, at the meeting of these two opposing infinites, each stretching away without limit, is man's life. The point of the line where he stands is the centre of the circle of his consciousness, of his horizon, which extends equally into the black and white portions of the plane, so that it, too, is half white and half black. This circle is his conscious life, his personality, his self-conscious self. The white half of the circle he calls his higher self; the black portion he calls his lower self. But in truth the circle limits only his consciousness of himself. Higher and lower alike stretch infinitely beyond it, unbounded, immeasurable. His life is the interaction of infinitudes, and though his consciousness is limited, he himself is not limited. He is infinite with the full dual infinity of the plane his life polarizes. Beyond the circle of his consciousness, his being continues unbroken. We may call it what we will, the unconscious self, or the sub-conscious self, or the super-conscious self, so long as we recognize that it is still the self—that, in Emerson's words, there is no bar or wall where man, the effect, ceases, and God, the cause, begins—no bar or wall that separates him from the highest heaven or the deepest hell. Good and evil, light and darkness, spirit and matter, loyalty and self, future and past, are alike his in infinite measure, ascending and descending far beyond his ken, though he recognizes as himself but the narrow circle his self-consciousness illumines.

It is well to dwell upon this symbol, which we may find, in the form of a circle crossed by its horizontal diameter, in many ancient treatises on magic and alchemy. We shall understand our own lives better if we see them as lived always on an advancing frontier dividing infinitudes. Here is the little circle of our consciousness. Here we act and are acted on; transforming the future into the past, carrying the past forward into the future; liberating latent energy, storing and rendering latent that which is given us as free. Here we make the worse better, or the better worse. Here we stand between life and death and take of each what we will for our own. And as we choose and act, so the frontier moves, and our consciousness upon it.

As the ship, always at the centre of its horizon, encounters there waves and winds and currents which had their origin far beyond its limits, so man's

personal conscious life at each moment is affected by influences that reach it from the unconscious regions of his being. The forgotten past does not cease to act because it has been forgotten; nor does the future fail to draw him forward because he does not know its nature. As the surface waters on which the ship moves are supported by the ocean depths below, and as the power of the winds which fill the ship's sails is derived from the pressure of the higher levels of the atmosphere, so the good and evil which man recognizes in himself rest upon and are one with far greater good and evil of which he is unconscious. This same principle operates on every plane of his nature: that of which he is conscious is everywhere one with, supported and determined by that of which he is unconscious. And, conversely, every one of his conscious acts reacts upon and influences in some way and in some degree the whole infinite vastness of his unconscious being. Thus through the circle of man's conscious life, backward and forward between its pairs of opposites, stream lines of force and influence coming from infinite distances and radiating back again beyond his horizon.

In this last observation we are led to extend our consideration, from the background we have been attempting to sketch, to what must be the optical effect of its high lights and shadows upon any object placed in the foreground, and in particular upon our own personal consciousness. When any line of force, or wave motion, such as light or electricity, sound or radiant heat, passes from one medium to another of different density—as when a beam of light passes from air into water or through a pane of glass—there occurs the double phenomena of refraction and reflection. A portion of the wave is reflected back from the surface dividing the two media, and the remaining portion, which passes on, has its course deflected at an angle to that which it had pursued. It is for the latter reason that a straight stick, thrust at an angle into a pool of clear water, will appear to be bent sharply at the surface. It is not the stick that is bent, but our line of sight; and as we always assume this to be straight, it appears to us that the stick is crooked. Similarly if we aim the stick at a stone on the bottom, we shall miss it—for, making no allowance for this deflection of our vision, we have aimed where the stone is not.

Exactly analogous phenomena are caused in the field of consciousness whenever we look at an angle across the line which divides its opposites. When we look obliquely from the desired to the undesired, from past to future, from evil to good or from good to evil, our sight, passing at an angle from the one medium to the other, suffers both refraction and reflection. We assign a false position to everything we see, and whatever we were directly aiming at we should be sure to miss.

Let us remember, however, that this deflection of our vision takes place only when the line of sight is oblique to the dividing line or surface between the two media. If the line of sight be at right angles to the line of division, no deflection takes place. This means that it is always possible to see our own immediate step ahead, clearly and without distortion—for, as has been demonstrated at length, it is our own motion which creates these opposites in which

we live, and their dividing line is always at right angles to our course. Therefore, looking along this course we see truly; but when we turn our gaze at an angle to it, we invariably and of necessity see falsely. Thus it is that, as the *Gita* says, "the duty of another is full of danger." Illusion and delusion arise and surround us the instant we endeavour to contemplate it or turn our eyes from the straight way marked out for our own advance. It is not romance that "walks always on the other side of the street," but glamour and delusion.

Glamour is, however, more often the result of reflection than of refraction. In the early morning or evening, when we have lit the lamps in our rooms, and then stand at the window looking out into the half light of dusk or dawn, we may observe the physical phenomena of which glamour is the psychic counterpart. The light from without comes to us through the glass, and by it we see the outline of the landscape, the trees and shrubbery growing beside the house. But in addition to this, the light from the lamps, within the room behind us, is reflected back to us from the window pane, so that we see also a picture of the lamps and of the furniture of the room, which, being a reflection, appears to us as outside the window; and the images of the transmitted and reflected lights are blended and superimposed one upon the other. *The lamp appears within the bush*, which thus seems luminous of itself, the table is seen suspended in the outer air, an image of ourselves looks back upon us from without. Thus whatever is illumined within the room is projected upon the external scene and made to blend with it in one composite picture to which no single reality corresponds. There is no lamp within the bush, though we think we see it there. The lamp stands behind us on our table, and the bush is lit only by the light of the sky. The figure that we see looking in upon us from beside a tree is but the reflection of ourselves looking out toward the tree. We mistake reflection for reality, and attribute to what is without that which is within.

This is glamour, the Maya that deludes us in all manifestation, the confusion of subjective and objective, the projection of images across the dividing line of consciousness, the superposition of opposites and the interblending of planes. By its action we project upon and ascribe to the objects of the exterior universe that whose reality is within ourselves, and clothe the bare inner realities with exterior forms as unrelated to them as is the bush to the lamp. It makes us judge others by ourselves, see a reflection of ourselves in all we look upon, so that our judgments of the world are seldom more than self-judgments.

The classical example of glamour is that which is associated with what we call "falling in love," though in using it there is always the risk that what is said of the counterfeit may be wrongly taken as applying to the real. Love itself is the most real thing in all this real universe, and the new heaven and the new earth that open to the lover's heart are a fore-vision of the soul's home and life, rarely understood, held with too little faith, too soon forgotten and allowed to fade. We are not here concerned with love, but with those fires kindled in the lower nature which give it the capacity to love and which love can transmute. From this fire arises an image of love, pure or impure, true or false, according to the fuel with which it is fed—the elements of the nature that

are given to it. The boy desires love—or what he thinks of as love—and this desire is as a lit lamp within him whose reflection and image he may project upon any girl he meets, whose appearance and actions are not too hopelessly at variance with it. Under the dominion of his desire he does not see her as she is, but as his desire would have the object of his love to be. He is not looking at her but at the image he has himself created. His inner image is one of beauty; he ascribes this beauty to her. He desires sweetness and goodness and cleverness; she is, therefore, sweet and good and clever.

It is quite clear in this that the boy is not in the least in love with that particular girl. The probability is that he knows less than nothing about her—for the less he knows the easier it is to substitute his fancy for the reality. At first sight it would appear that what he was actually in love with was his own self-created ideal. But as we examine this assumption we shall see that it can be only partly valid. If one really love beauty or truth, one is not at all given to mistaking ugliness and falsehood for them. Despite the proverb to the contrary, true love is not blind, but very clear sighted and jealous of every imperfection in what is loved. Blindness and confusion arise when desire is mistaken for love—from glamour—for desire is a light lit in the lower nature whose reflection is projected upon the higher, and seems to come to us, therefore, from the higher. The boy was not "in love," but "in desire." He desired romance, a worshipper and an object to worship, to feel that he loved and was loved, that he had won a great prize. Desiring these things his imagination created their image within his emotional nature, and by reflection this image was projected outward—as the image of the lamp is projected into the bush.

It would be easy to multiply such illustrations of the phenomena of psychic reflection and refraction, which not only tend ceaselessly to delude us as to our own nature and the motives which animate us, but which equally falsify our perceptions of circumstances and the external world. To see truly we must make our light single. This is why the conquest of desire and self must precede, and be a prerequisite of, the conquest of truth. So long as the lights of personal desire burn brightly in the lower nature, so long will their reflection be projected beyond the dividing line of consciousness and appear as, or at least mingle with and colour, the ideals of the higher. What we think pure motives will be actually very mixed, and evil will bear the guise of good. Yet little by little, if we understand how and why this comes about, we can correct or make allowance for it. If, in the reflection from the window pane, we recognize the lamp as that which habitually stands on our own table, this recognition prevents our really believing it to be in the bush outside. It is the same with psychic reflections. If we have become familiar, by persistent self-examination, with the contents of our lower nature, we shall recognize their reflections and not be deluded by their apparent displacement. Long before we can make our light single we can learn to make allowance for the cross lights we bring to bear on every object that we look upon, and if we set it against its proper background we can correct our false perspectives.

H. B. M.

WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY[1]

A SHORT time ago, just after the recent unfortunate convention of Bishops at Portland, Oregon, in which such things as the "obey" in the marriage service were done away with, I asked a very dear friend of mine what was the trouble, if any, with the present day Bishops. His answer was simple, "They need Theosophy." About a month after, I left church accompanied by a near relation, after hearing Mr. T. start what promised to be an excellent sermon but which fell away and ended with a theory that I believed wrong. This was not the first sermon that had done this. I turned to the near relation and asked what he considered Mr. T. lacked. His answer, as the other, was simple, "Mr. T. needs Theosophy." In both cases I had been able to perceive that something was wrong; but, lacking in knowledge, had failed to perceive just what was needed. Two people, whose opinions I value highly, answered the same thing. Could I help but think the matter over? This thought came to me—it is my duty to fit myself to best serve the world in general and my friends. I then had to ponder how to do this. I realized that people, whose duty it is to fit themselves to the highest degree to serve their fellow men, Bishops and Ministers, had failed because they lacked Theosophy. Hence, it followed that I must gain some knowledge of this Theosophy in order to best prepare myself for others.

I have hitherto discussed the need of the Theosophy in me only as an aid to others; I will now consider it as an aid to myself only. I think that it is my duty to find the true religion in its highest, purest, and truest form. The easiest way to do this is to follow the example of people who have discovered the truth. The only difficulty is how am I to know who have. One might ask; but one who had truly found religion would be the first to deny it. Hence, I must discover the right models for myself. I have in the course of the past few years visited many different homes. In all save one there was a continual feeling of unrest and disorder. Somehow I was not sorry to leave these households. In the one place, however, there was a feeling of rest, calm, peace, and quiet. A really remarkable group of people were gathered there; but they in no way boasted about themselves. I was genuinely sorry to leave them. It so happened that these people had Theosophy. It also happened that this was the group that I, ever seeking for the truth, regarded as the people who had found the truth. Was it not obvious that I, in order to do what I had set out to do, follow that example, must gain knowledge of this

[1] This contribution from the youngest member of The Theosophical Society—when he wrote it, he was not quite fifteen years old—will be of interest to his elders in the movement, particularly to veterans and should be suggestive to inquirers also.—EDITORS.

Theosophy? Furthermore, it was promised for me that I would do my duty in that state of life to which it should please God to call me. With my father and some of my best friends, Theosophists, it was evident to me that my state of life lay with The Theosophical Society. I realized, therefore, that I was not only passing up an excellent method of finding the truth but also doing myself great harm by not joining. I should not be living up to my promise—to do my duty in that state of life, etc. I, therefore, joined The Theosophical Society. JAY.

When Time was not, but lay asleep in the infinite bosom of Duration, the face of the Eternal was still, and the face of the Waters was still, and the Light and Image of the Eternal, reflected from the Waters, returned again to It; and the Eternal and the Waters and the Image of the Eternal in the Waters were One.

The Eternal smiled, and Time awoke to behold it. The smile rippled on the face of the Waters, and from each ripple the Light of the Eternal radiated its Image, creating Space and Form and Number, and Beings from its One Being, and filling all with the Light and Image of the Eternal.

Beloved, thy Being is from the Smile of the Eternal.—BOOK OF ECHOES.

Those who adore God in the sun, says Ibn al-'Arabi, behold the sun, and those who adore Him in living things see a living thing, and those who adore Him in lifeless things see a lifeless thing, and those who adore Him as a Being unique and unparalleled see that which has no like. Do not attach yourself, he continues, to any particular creed exclusively, so that you disbelieve in all the rest; otherwise, you will lose much good, nay, you will fail to recognise the real truth of the matter. God the omnipresent and omnipotent, is not limited by any one creed, for He says (Kor. 2. 109), "Wheresoever ye turn, there is the face of Allah." Every one praises what he believes; his god is his own creature, and in praising it he praises himself. Consequently he blames the beliefs of others, which he would not do if he were just, but his dislike is based on ignorance. If he knew Junayd's saying, "The water takes its colour from the vessel containing it," he would not interfere with other men's beliefs, but would perceive God in every form of belief.—"THE MYSTICS OF ISLAM," R. A. NICHOLSON.

THEOSOPHY[1]

IT may be asked how the single word, Theosophy, can stand as the title of a lecture. It is because Theosophy is at once the science of life and the art of life; at once a criticism of life and the method of living in the most excellent way. And life is the one thing that interests all mankind, everywhere and always. Life may be viewed and lived as a splendid manifestation of the Divine Spirit, or it may be lived feverishly, in the infatuation of the senses; but it is always the over-ruling interest, for the sake of which all else is dear. Therefore Theosophy, the science of life, is the supreme science; Theosophy, the art of life, is the supreme art.

In the past there have been many Theosophical Societies, societies for the study and practice of Theosophy, beginning many centuries ago. In the present epoch, in its present incarnation, The Theosophical Society was born nearly fifty years ago, in 1875. It began its work as a science of life by criticizing two great presentations of life: science and religion.

What was the condition of science, of religion, when The Theosophical Society began its work in 1875? It is not unfair to say that science was materialistic and dogmatic; that religion was dogmatic and materialistic.

We may take as characterizing the science of that time the famous pronouncement of John Tyndall, as President of the British Association, at Belfast in 1874: "We find in matter the promise and potency of every form of life," or "of all terrestrial life," as he later wrote the phrase. This may sound like a mere philosophical abstraction, but let us make it concrete. What does it mean in terms of human life? It means that our life is absolutely bound up with, and limited by, the material substance of the body and the brain; it means that "when the brains are out, the man will die." It means the complete extinction of consciousness with the dissolution of the body. It means unconditional death. It is not unfair to call that materialistic.

Not all men of science at that time were equally materialistic. Huxley was no materialist; he had the mind and spirit of a philosopher and was thoroughly convinced that the position of Berkeley's idealism is unassailable. But Huxley was, in certain ways, fiercely dogmatic. In 1860, the year after the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species*, Huxley wrote to Darwin that he was sharpening his teeth and claws for the conflict that he foresaw Darwin's views would bring. And the conflict began immediately, with Huxley as the protagonist on the one side and Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, on the other. In their famous contest at Oxford, teeth and claws were vigorously used by both sides, and Huxley reached the climax of fiery denunciation by saying that he would not be ashamed to own an ape as his grandfather, but he

[1] A lecture by Charles Johnston, on April 29, 1923, on the occasion of the Convention of The Theosophical Society.

would be ashamed to own as his grandfather such a man as Bishop Wilberforce. He did not name him, but drew instead a word picture which became famous as a piece of fierce invective.

That is not the spirit in which truth is sought and found. That is not the spirit in which students of Theosophy seek to penetrate the deep mysteries of life, to establish the science and the art of life.

If science was then materialistic and dogmatic, religion was dogmatic and materialistic. And we may come at once to the fundamental dogma; practically every Church, every division of religion, tacitly or openly held that salvation belonged to it alone. There were exceptions, as there were exceptions to the materialism of science. There were more liberal spirits, who followed Thomas Aquinas when he said: "If anyone born in barbarous nations do what in him lieth, God will reveal to him what is necessary for salvation, either by inspiration or by sending a teacher." But this was not the general view. The view broadly accepted was that, while the heathen and those of other religions might have their qualities, there was no expectation of meeting them in heaven.

We can find a good illustration of this mischievous dogmatic attitude in the quotation from a seventeenth century theologian with which F. Max Müller begins Volume I of *The Sacred Books of the East*, published in 1879. The intent of this quotation is, that we should study other religions to convince ourselves of the superiority of our own.

Once again, this is not the spirit of truth, the spirit in which truth may be sought and found. It is not the spirit of Theosophy.

So much, then, for the position of science and religion fifty years ago, at the time when The Theosophical Society began its work. What progress has been made in fifty years? What has been the result of the tremendous inspiration of Theosophical ideas on the thought and life of the world? What has been accomplished toward making the science of life more luminous, toward making the art of life more enlightened and more divine?

It is not too much to say that in large measure both science and religion have broken their bonds. Science is no longer in the literal sense materialistic. The Churches no longer speak of the heathen religions, but term them more politely "ethnic" religions, "ethnic" being the Greek word formerly rendered "heathen." There is some recognition at least of the fact that there may be religious truth, that there may be life and light and immortality in some of these non-Christian religions. The prefatory quotation in *The Sacred Books of the East* would now strike a discordant note: the suggestion that we should study the religions of others in order to prove the superiority of our own. Religious and philosophic thought have moved past the point where a process of that sort would recommend itself as a means of obtaining spiritual truth. Therefore, in religion, the constrictive power of dogmatism has in a sense been broken, as has the constrictive power of materialism in science.

Going back to the position of scientific materialism fifty years ago, there is a touch of humour in the thought that when Tyndall, in 1874, found in matter the promise and potency of life, he thought he knew what matter was. Today,

science is certain that it does not know. Matter in the old sense is gone, it has ceased to exist. Instead of the solidly substantial matter of Tyndall's thought, we have something subtile and elusive; as Professor Frederick Soddy of Oxford says, in his fine book, *The Interpretation of Radium* (1920, page 226): "inevitably as science proceeds, the solid tangible material universe dissolves before its touch into finer and still finer particles, the unit quantities or 'atoms' of positive and negative electricity." Matter in the old sense has ceased to exist; it has vanished, leaving in its place a tissue of electrical spray. Materialism has gone into bankruptcy with no assets.

We may take Frederick Soddy's book as a summary of the best thought of to-day regarding the physical sciences, including something of geology and astronomy. Soddy has a deeply intuitional mind, a wide sweep of creative imagination, a firm grasp of the subtile side of manifested Nature; in many ways, one might call him a Theosophical thinker. He has, indeed, given an admirable interpretation of the serpent of eternity which, combined with Solomon's seal, the key of Isis and the swastika, forms the seal of The Theosophical Society: "Consider the ancient mystic symbol of matter . . . a serpent, coiled into a circle with the head devouring the tail. . . . The idea which arises in one's mind as the most attractive and consistent explanation of the universe in the light of present knowledge is, perhaps, that matter is breaking down and its energy being evolved and degraded in one part of a cycle of evolution, and in another part, still unknown to us, the matter is being again built up with the utilization of the waste energy. If one wished to symbolize such an idea, in what better way could it be done than by the ancient tail-devouring serpent?" (page 181). And it has already been pointed out that certain of Soddy's cosmic theories are eminently "theosophical." Take, for example, such a passage as this:

"So far as physical science yet can deduce, the accumulation of thermal energy within a world containing elements undergoing atomic disintegration during the 'geological age' must alternate with a state of things which might be termed 'the incandescent age,' in which this accumulated energy is dissipated by radiation. This periodic cycle of changes must continue until the elements in question have disintegrated—that is, over a period which radioactive measurements indicate is of the order of tens or hundreds of thousands of millions of years" (page 179).

This idea of the cyclic return of the Cosmos, the magnitude of the figures and the comparison with the alternations of night and day are all very close to ideas held by many students of Theosophy, and set forth ages ago in the Indian *Puranas* and in sermons attributed to the Buddha.

And these are not the only points at which Soddy approaches Theosophical ideas. Take the passage immediately following that on the symbol of the serpent:

"It is curious to reflect, for example, upon the remarkable legend of the philosopher's stone, one of the oldest and most universal beliefs, the origin of which, however far back we penetrate into the records of the past, we do not

probably trace to its real source. The philosopher's stone was credited with the power not only of transmuting the metals, but of acting *as the elixir of life.* Now, whatever the origin of this apparently meaningless jumble of ideas may have been, it is really a perfect and but very slightly allegorical expression of the actual present views we hold today. It does not require much effort of the imagination to see in energy the life of the physical universe, and the key to the primary fountains of the physical life of the universe today is known to be transmutation. Is, then, this old association of the power of transmutation with the elixir of life merely a coincidence? I prefer to believe it may be an echo from one of many previous epochs in the unrecorded history of the world, of an age of men which have trod before the road we are treading today, in a past possibly so remote that even the very atoms of its civilization literally have had time to disintegrate.

"Let us give the imagination a moment's further free scope in this direction, however, before closing. What if this point of view that has now suggested itself is true, and we may trust ourselves to the slender foundation afforded by the traditions and superstitions which have been handed down to us from a prehistoric time? Can we not read into them some justification for the belief that some former forgotten race of men attained not only to the knowledge we have so recently won, but also to power that is not yet ours? Science has reconstructed the story of the past as one of a continuous Ascent of Man to the present-day level of his powers. In face of the circumstantial evidence existing of this steady upward progress of the race, the traditional view of the Fall of Man from a higher former state has come to be more and more difficult to understand. From our new standpoint the two points of view are by no means so irreconcilable as they appeared. A race which could transmute matter would have little need to earn its bread by the sweat of its brow. If we can judge from what our engineers accomplish with their comparatively restricted supplies of energy, such a race could transform a desert continent, thaw the frozen poles, and make the whole world one smiling Garden of Eden. Possibly they could explore the outer realms of space, emigrating to more favourable worlds as the superfluous today emigrate to more favourable continents. The legend of the Fall of Man, possibly, may be all that has survived of such a time before, for some unknown reason, the whole world was plunged back again under the undisputed sway of Nature, to begin once more its upward toilsome journey through the ages" (page 182).

Take the sentence "some former forgotten race of men attained not only to the knowledge we have so recently won, but also to the power that is not yet ours," and compare it with this: "Ages before the Royal Society found itself becoming a reality upon the plan of the 'Prophetic Scheme,' an innate longing for the hidden, a passionate love for, and the study of, Nature, had led men in every generation to try and fathom her secrets. . . . The *vril* of the *Coming Race* was the common property of races now extinct . . ." and it is clear that Professor Soddy, albeit unconsciously, is walking in step with the august author of the letters in the *Occult World.*

So much for the physical sciences, with their complete liberation from materialism. Let us now turn to the sciences which deal with life, taking as our text a very remarkable book written in this country, *The Origin and Evolution of Life*, by Henry Fairfield Osborn, published in New York in 1918. The book is as representative and as admirable as Soddy's.

Its key-note is a departure "from the matter and form conceptions" of the period we began by criticizing, and an advance toward "an energy conception of Evolution." It is true that Osborn does not reveal the origin of life, or the causes of the evolution of life, but he himself quite clearly realizes this. His mind is both reverent and intuitive. He quite frankly admits miracles of adaptation and heredity, and declares that "the germ evolution is the most incomprehensible phenomenon which has yet been discovered in the universe"; indeed, he speaks of the heredity-germ "inconceivable in each of its three powers" in terms that remind us of the Athanasian Creed, "there are not three incomprehensibles, but one incomprehensible."

Osborn speaks of the forms of life capturing energy from the elements, using this word much as Plato and the Orientals do; capturing energy from the earth, from the water, from the air, from the fire of the sun. And he rises to a high degree of scientific imagination, when he says: "We appear to inherit some, if not all, of our physicochemical characters from the sun; and to this degree we may claim kinship with the stellar universe. Some of our distinctive characters and functions are actually properties of our ancestral star" (page xviii).

There is a reminiscence in this of the famous passage in Plato's *Timæus*, which Dante quotes. We are kindred of the stellar universe. We are children of the sun. The essential thought of this valuable book is the movement away from matter, the movement toward energy, as the source of life. In sharp contrast with Tyndall, Osborn finds, not in matter, but in energy, the promise and potency of every form of life. The deliberate turning from materialism is thus as marked in the biological as in the physical sciences.

Here, then, we have the progress of the fifty years since The Theosophical Society began its work. What has Theosophy to say of this progress? Taking Theosophy as a science of life, a criticism of life, what have its students to say of the ground thus gained?

Let us take as our measuring rod Paul's splendid sentence in the letter to the disciples at Ephesus: "Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." Paul makes clear what he means by the measure of the stature of the perfect man when he writes to the disciples in Corinth concerning the triune man, body, soul, spirit: the body; the psyche or living soul; the life-giving spirit, from heaven. Paul is following a division earlier used by Aristotle, who distinguishes between the psyche, the living soul, and *nous*, the spiritual intelligence, which he holds to be immortal and eternal; a threefold division used with even deeper significance by Plato.

Body, soul, spirit: what do we mean by spirit, by spiritual life? We mean a life from which self has been dissolved; and, as self disappears, other selves

begin to come into view, until we behold the Supreme Self of all Beings, the Oversoul, the eternal Logos. We mean by spirit the threefold inspiration that Plato speaks of: the revelation of the true, the beautiful, the good; of the three in one, and that one the Logos. We mean the triad of the Vedanta, eternal being, infinite consciousness, everlasting joy; once more, the essential being of the Logos. We mean a consciousness which shall have that quality, that character; a consciousness, selfless, receptive of other selves, receptive of the Supreme; a consciousness illumined by beauty, truth and goodness; a consciousness immortal, eternal, in essence one with the Logos.

Here, then, is our measuring rod, the measure of the stature of the perfect man. Tried by this measure, how shall we judge the present attainment of science? We are children of the sun. Are we children of the Eternal, one in essence with the Divine Consciousness? What provision is there, in what we have quoted, for such a consciousness? What recognition is there even of the problem of such a consciousness? Soddy depicts our world melted by fervent energy, driven by the forces of radioactivity into space, as a vast sphere of incandescent mist. Where, during his age of incandescence, is consciousness, that spiritual consciousness which, in the view of many students of Theosophy, is the true eternal Being, compared with which the fiery mist is evanescent? Soddy shows hardly any recognition of that problem. He writes, it is true, of the precarious tenure of life, of its disappearance during the incandescent age, "to be inaugurated and consummated afresh, if at all, between the ending and the beginning of each new cosmical day," the age of incandescence being in his view comparable to day, while he compares the age of geological evolution to night. He seems, therefore, to have no conception of spiritual consciousness as the eternal reality, for whose sake, as the Sankhya philosophy teaches, the whole process of Nature exists. He does not even appear to realize the truth that was so plain to Huxley: that consciousness is the one thing of which we have first hand knowledge; that we are indebted to consciousness not only for all our knowledge of objective fact, for all our observations, but also for our divination of the meaning of these facts and observations. All his wonderful observations of radioactivity dwell in consciousness; all the profound insight with which he has interpreted them is a mode of consciousness; that mode, in fact, which Aristotle called *nous*, and which he held to be immortal and eternal, because of its quality of divination.

We should think that Soddy must conceive his own perceiving mind to be one of two things: either a real spiritual consciousness, or a whirlpool of those electrical units to which he reduces all matter. But that a swirl of electrons should form a concept of the Cosmos, seems to us a philosophical absurdity.

To go back again to Osborn's eloquent passage: We are kin of the stellar universe, partaking in the nature of our father, the sun. A thought of real profundity and beauty; but what of man the immortal? The sun is in a sense immortal. We have evidence that the sun has been in existence, practically unchanged, for a hundred million years. The warmth of our bodies is the heat of the sun. But whence do we inherit the light in our souls? Must there not

be, as the Masters of all religions have taught, a spiritual Sun, a Sun of righteousness, whence we draw that light? If we be heirs and children of the sun, must we not be, by the same measure, heirs and children of the infinite Logos, the Oversoul, drawing thence our immortality, drawing thence that spiritual light through which Soddy and Osborn interpret life and nature? Here again is the measure of the stature of the perfect man.

We do not know what are the religious convictions of the two men whom we have quoted, as representing physical and natural science today. They may well be religious men. We find in both the spirit of reverence and intuition, with much that is entirely consonant with Theosophical thinking. But where do we find in the two books we have quoted any revelation of the spiritual man in his immortality, in his escape from self to the life of the Logos, in his partaking of the beauty of holiness? There is hardly a trace from cover to cover.

These two noteworthy books cover the field of biology and the field of physical science. They show a great liberation from the materialism, the constricted bondage of Tyndall's day. Science has started from that fixed point, has broken away from its limitations. Where has it arrived?

We may say the same thing of religion. No longer is there the same dogmatism, the egotistic self-assertion of sect against sect. Officially the Church of Rome has not abated anything of its exclusive claim, but the general temper of members of that Church is without doubt more liberal. Religious feeling and thought, like science, has moved away from the fixed centre of dogmatism. Where has it arrived? The Theosophical standard, the measure of the perfect man, is spiritual experience; not the outward observation of psychic appearances, but the inner experience of spiritual realities. Let us take this as our measure, and let us ask whether we shall find anywhere, in any of the Churches, anyone who will say: "I know of my own knowledge that the spirit of man is immortal, the child of the Logos, the heir of Divinity." Many will say that they know this through tradition, through the teaching of the Church. The Churches do hold this knowledge in a vague and traditional way. But do we find a readiness on the part of their teachers to come forward and say: "Through my own spiritual experience, through the illumination of my own consciousness, I know that the spirit of man is immortal, the child of the Logos, and that, in virtue of that sonship, the spirit of man is destined to enter into the full glory of the life of the Logos?"

These two views of life, therefore, have set forth from a certain point and have gone a certain distance, but they have not reached the desired haven. Take a comparison: the journey from Dover to Calais, a distance of twenty-five miles. The two boats have pushed out from Dover. The harbour with its enclosing piers is left behind. The boats are in mid-channel. Some of us may have crossed from Dover to Calais in the days of the small packet boats, and we may remember the charm of the centre of the channel as a resting place. If so, we know also that, in spite of the charm of resting there, there was an impelling desire to push on, to leave the centre of the channel and to land in France. So we wish, in our more momentous journey, to leave the troubled

water of the channel, to reach the harbour of the knowledge of spiritual man. This is the challenge of the Theosophical Movement to the sciences and the Churches.

But the problem is first of all our own, as students of Theosophy. It may depend on students of Theosophy to a degree we hardly realize, whether science and religion shall complete their journey, or remain like the fabled coffin of Mahomet in the interspace, leaving earth but not reaching heaven. Shall we, students of Theosophy, work with such wisdom, such devotion, such ardent faith, such effectiveness, that we may take advantage of this great liberation of science and religion, this breaking of the iron bonds that bound them fifty years ago? Have we the will, have we the courage and determination so to work and think and live that The Theosophical Society may be a mighty force, potent enough to carry science and religion forward from mid-channel to the haven where they would be? Or are we to fail in our magnificent opportunity, leaving the two barques in the fretful centre of the channel?

Shall we be content with a science of life that lacks the definite certitude of the immortality of the spirit of man? Shall we be content with an energy concept of evolution, splendid and vital though it be, and great as may be the advance which it marks, a concept able to say: "We are children of the earth, we are children of the waters, we are children of the air, we are children of the sun," but which cannot add: "We are children of God, we are children of immortality"?

Again, shall we rest content with a religious concept of life, largely undogmatic, tolerant enough toward other religions, suffused with general benevolence, given to institutionalism, busy with social service often undistinguishable from Socialism, addicted, as Emerson said, to the distribution of herb tea and blankets; yet without firm conviction, without genuine experience of immortality? No amount of herb tea and blankets will make up for the immortality of the soul.

Or, to look at the sinister side of this absence of strong convictions, shall we be content with a Church tolerant in the face of evil doing, unwilling to denounce crime, ready to bow before the former recipients of herb tea and blankets, giving flattery instead of doles, even condoning assassination if political profit seems to come from it, with a moral limpness that goes back to the invertebrate period of the biologists? Or shall we work for and demand religious teaching which shall speak with authority, as the Masters have always spoken; shall we demand teachers who shall know of their own knowledge that we are heirs of immortality, that we are destined to break the bonds of self, to inherit the kingdom of the Logos, the splendour of Divinity, the living consciousness of spiritual truth, of the beauty of holiness?

If we demand a science which shall speak with authority of immortality, a religion which shall speak with authority of immortality, and this Theosophy does demand, then we must first live up to our own ideal. It will be futile for us to set as an ideal for scientific attainment, the certitude of spiritual things, while we ourselves seek no certitude. It will be futile for us to ask for a Church

which shall have certain knowledge of God, of the Divine, of our immortality, our oneness with the Logos, if we ourselves do not seek the spiritual experience which shall certify these things.

While it is true that this applies with special force to students of Theosophy and members of The Theosophical Society, I cannot see how anyone in this audience can escape a measure of responsibility. What are those who hear these things willing to do about them? Are they willing to look forward to a science which has ceased to be materialistic without becoming spiritual? Will they be content with a Church which has ceased to be dogmatic without attaining to real knowledge? Will they be content to take their station on either of these barques perpetually lingering in mid-channel, or are they determined to push on to France?

While I cannot see how you may escape responsibility, such responsibility is something God alone in His wisdom can judge. But when you stand, in the words of the ancient parable, before the Great White Throne, and the Judge asks: "What have you done to combat materialism and dogmatism?" if you answer, "I was waiting for The Theosophical Society to do it!" this would seem to me to be a difficult and embarrassing position. Personally, I should like to be able to say: "I have tried to do my part; I have fallen short a thousand times, but I have loyally and honestly tried!"

If science and religion in the coming years are to make the harbour, to gain definite knowledge of man the immortal, the true spiritual man, the heir of divinity, then it would be well for students of Theosophy, for members of The Theosophical Society, for all who have the vital sense of human life as it ought to be, diligently to try and examine themselves, to see what we, what you and I individually, are going to do about it. Nothing will be accomplished without effort. Nothing will be attained without faith, without enthusiasm. As the Sanskrit proverb says, nothing happens without a why. And we must be the why, or we must explain the reason of our failure.

I think that there is only one way in which we shall make real headway. That is, by learning, through whatever means we can, from whomsoever we can, the laws of spiritual life, and by faithfully living according to these laws. If we do this, we shall thereby awaken in ourselves the powers of perception and the powers of action which will, in due time, give us experimental knowledge of immortality. We must seek to discover the laws of spiritual life, to learn them, try them, test them, follow them by wise experiment and experience. This is an experimental science.

In following certain sciences, astronomy, for example, men undergo extraordinary hardships. There are the adventures of eclipse expeditions, the long vigils, rigorous personal discipline. In order to see the details of a faint nebula, it may be necessary to sit for hours in darkness, to prepare the retina of the eye. Certain observations with the microscope require a like withdrawal from the light of the world, an entering into quietude and darkness. It is a law of the eye that, if it has been exposed to bright light, it cannot at once respond to faint illumination; otherwise we should see the stars in full sunshine.

Scientists have found out that law, and they follow it in their search for truth.

This is only a symbol of the rigorous training that students of science are willing to undergo, and do undergo, following out the light of their science. It is one of a thousand examples that might be given. In this, at any rate, science sets a superb example. Science shows us the honesty and zeal with which we must proceed, the conditions under which success in our search is possible. Let us seek the laws of spiritual life. Let us obey them to the letter. The reward will be an awakening unto life.

We move as shadows among shadows. We need an awakening unto life, the life of the spiritual man. We need to come alive. Saint Paul speaks of those who were dead in trespasses. This is a true figure not only of Paul's time, but of ours; not only of them, but of us also. We are dead until we come to life. And we can come to life by discerning the laws of life and by obeying them, and in no other way.

If students of Theosophy are willing to do this, if they have the wisdom and the courage and the fidelity and the loyalty to follow this course, and to follow it to the end, then one may confidently say that fifty years hence, though science may not have reached the final goal, though religion may not have gained full illumination, yet there will be among students of Theosophy a genuine science of life, a true art of life, based on real experience, a firsthand knowledge of our immortal nature. We shall have waked up. We shall have come to life. We shall know through our own experience that we are immortal. We shall not need to go for testimony to Plato's *Phædo* or to the *Epistle to the Corinthians*. There will be genuine knowledge. There will be genuine wisdom. There will be genuine light.

Here, then, is our problem. Here is our task. Here is our superb opportunity. And it is not too much to say that the future of mankind will depend, and does depend, on the way in which we meet this spiritual opportunity. Let us, therefore, seek the wisdom and power of Masters to help us. Let us use every power we possess, wisely and courageously, faithfully and loyally. And let us embark on this high adventure realizing that we owe to the Divinity our boundless gratitude, gratitude unspeakable, for an opportunity so superb, so magnificent.

I am wholly without doubt in the existence of the good Mazdayasnian [Zoroastrian] faith, in the coming of the resurrection and the later body . . . in an invariable recompense of good deeds and their reward, and of bad deeds and their punishment, as well as in the continuance of Paradise and in the annihilation of Hell.—PATET ERANI.

AKHNATON THE "HERETIC" PHARAOH OF EGYPT

VIII

The New Kingdom (The Empire)

OF the once splendid City of the Horizon of Aton there remains to-day hardly even a trace, so unsparing was its mutilation, so complete its final destruction during the terrible reaction which followed the ultimate downfall of the Aton faith; and as no other city, even of a later civilization, was ever built here, the casual modern visitor now sees little more than a yellow, sandy plain stretching away to the hills which hem it in on every side. Though we are not all able to call up unaided the imagery of bygone scenes, archæology does for us what most of us cannot do for ourselves, and by its enchantment there springs again, from the bare, windswept expanse, the moving pageant of intense and varied life in the long distant past. The Royal City of Aton spreads itself out before us in all its ancient beauty; once more we see the glistening, white-walled temples and palaces which Akhnaton built; we walk in the sweet-smelling gardens which he loved, and we enter into the daily life and activity which stirred and glowed in the Holy City. We can even follow the roads into the desert along which the King swept in his chariot, the roads which led in all directions to the confines of the sacred area, chosen and set apart for Aton.

As is almost invariably the case in Egypt, our chief source of information is the necropolis, and it is from the elaborate work found in the tombs of the King and of his nobles and priests that we are able not only to reconstruct the life in palace and market-place, but, what is of far greater importance, that we are able to study the Aton worship at its source, and learn almost from the very lips of the extraordinary young Pharaoh himself, the message which he gave to the world of the boundless love of God for His creation,—a message by no means new in Egypt, but which, passing through the luminous heart and mind of Akhnaton, reaches us with a new force and power.

It was, as we have seen, in the fourth or fifth year of his reign, that the young High Priest of Aton moved, with a comparatively scanty following, to Akhetaton, which by this time had become a splendid royal residence city. On the edge of the wide expanse of rich cultivated land which stretched between the Nile and the desert behind, stood the "House of Aton," the temple, facing the river and dominating the whole scene. It was spread over an enormous area, though the sanctuary itself occupied only a small part, and it was enclosed by

high walls, inside which were wide, successive courts, bordered by shady colonnades, each court with its central altar always piled high with fruit and flowers; small pomegranate and persea trees, set at short intervals, giving added touches of colour. All these courts were open to the sky, and the sun searched every corner with its brilliant light. Passing to the far eastern end of the enclosure, the innermost part of the temple was reached,—the shrine, the Holy of Holies, where special temple services were held and which was, indeed, the heart and centre of the religious life at Akhetaton.

In front of the temple enclosure, sloping gently down to the river, were the wide cool temple gardens, full of a brooding peace, where stretched long, shady walks for the priests to wander in, and where, from certain chosen spots, could be seen, far out in the broad river, the little lonely island which it encircled as it swept majestically past on its way to the sea. Here too they could watch the busy river craft, with bulging sails and high cabined decks, which passed up and down stream in countless numbers. In these gardens, directly in line with the axis of the temple, was a huge, sunken, alabaster-lined, water-filled tank, with steeply sloping sides, down which steps ran. It was the sacred lake of the temple, and in it, carefully tended by the priests, grew the "holy flower," "the flower which was in the beginning the Glorious Lily of the Great Water." Both the white and the blue varieties were kept in this hallowed spot,—the blue lotus which uncovers its heart to the noon-day heat; the white lotus which dreams, open-eyed, through the night.

Near at hand, and also facing the river, Akhnaton had built his own palace, in the midst of palm and acacia groves, where the birds sang all day, and sunlight and shadow shifted endlessly. Rare flowers and shrubs grew everywhere in the luxuriant palace gardens, for Akhnaton had an absorbing love for all growing things. Here and there, too, were small, delicately constructed kiosks, indispensable to the Egyptian, with vine covered columns supporting light roofs, quiet resting places in the hot hours of the day; while out under the blazing sun were clear pools of water teeming with aquatic plants of all kinds, and alive with darting, many-coloured fish. In the palace grounds were the royal store-houses, with shelves piled high with sealed wine jars, with fruit and vegetables, with poultry, game and fish. A little farther away were the royal stables, and we can peep into these and see the horses standing in front of their long troughs, with soft, velvet noses stretched out expectantly as they wait for their dinner, their delicate small ears pointing eagerly forward, most realistically.

The palace itself was full of great breezy halls, with beautiful, painted pavements executed with the most intricate and elaborate care, picturing wide, marshland scenes, the tall, waving papyrus, sedge grasses and slender rushes, and representing with a wholly new realism, the movements of wild creatures, the beasts of the field and fowls of the air. The walls were covered with naturalistic scenes of daily life, or enriched by dados of flower and leaf design, poppies alternating with sunny, wide-open daisies; great bunches of clustering, purple grapes; persea fruit blended with corn flowers, and the lotus with its

slender calyx and half open buds. Even Queen Nefertithi's pavilion can be located in the innermost palace enclosure, for her name and titles, interwoven with designs of exquisite delicacy, have been found in abundance, and it is easy to imagine her, the Great Lady of the Two Lands, the Mistress of the Palace, living and moving about in this rich setting which suited her own exquisite person so well. She, too, it was, no doubt, who tended the many small alabaster altars which were to be found all through the palace at every important point, seeing that fresh flowers and fruits were always laid upon them, and making of the palace a place of worship second only to the great temple, under whose shadow it stood.

Scattered about the central group of temple and palace, and stretching away to the east, were other smaller temples, and the residences of the nobles who had chosen to follow their King from Thebes, each building standing in its own garden of clustering trees and brilliant flowers, of vine-covered trellises and shady orchards.

Daily life in the City of the Sun was evidently centred round the royal family. Since it was the King who alone was responsible for the new religion, for the building of the great, new city, for the many-sided new life lived within its limits, so it is natural that he should become even more the centre of all activities, the pivot upon which all things revolved, than had been the case with most of his predecessors. Thus we see him under many guises, for we learn much from the numberless tomb reliefs, about the state functions, the temple services, and the private life of the King.

We see him, as High Priest, officiating at the morning sacrifice; the priests bestirring themselves in the temple, preparatory to his coming, the temple servants bringing the day's offerings of fruit and flowers, of baskets piled high with bread and cakes. We see him reverently standing before the altar, incense burner in hand, reciting the ritual of the day.

Or he drives out of the palace gates, on his way to some public ceremony, his tall-plumed horses galloping swiftly ahead along the roadway, while a military escort speeds on in front, clearing the way. There is a sense of forward rush and sweep which the artist has caught most admirably,—that sense of motion so characteristic of this time.

Still again the King is seen rewarding one of his nobles for some service rendered, while the Queen and one of the young princesses, standing beside him, talk together, each bending toward the other, the drawing showing a remarkable grace and freedom and life-like quality.

Or else it is a gorgeous pageant, staged for the receiving of tribute, when foreign emissaries arrive to do honour to the Pharaoh, showing that Egypt's power in Asia and Nubia was at this time still unshaken.

What strikes us particularly in all the reliefs, only a few of which we have been able to touch on,[1] is the evident desire to represent people and events

[1] For excellent drawings of all the tomb reliefs of this period refer to *Rock Tombs of El-Amarna*, by N. de G. Davies. Also, *Monuments Pour Servir À L'Étude Du Culte D'Atonou En Égypt*, by MM. Bouriant, Legrain, Jéquier, which appears in vol. 8 of *L'Institut Français D'Archéologie Oriental Du Caire*.

as they actually were, in great detail, and with a marked and deliberate accuracy.

While life at Akhetaton had the traditional share of regal state, it is none the less a simple, wholesome gaiety, and an emphasis on family ties which are the most arresting features because of a realism heretofore untouched. The love of home, so noticeable in the Egyptian from earliest times, was with Akhnaton deeply accentuated. That autobiographical impulse, which had made the noble, as far back as the Old Kingdom, wish to be immortalized in his tomb side by side with the wife and children he had loved in life, refusing to be separated from them in death; or to be shown as taking part in some favorite sport, generally accompanied, even here, by a large family,—found for the first time an echo in one of Egypt's Pharaohs, and we recognize in Akhnaton that profound love of wife and children and of home associations, which is, in reality, one of the hall-marks of the ancient Egyptian. So, out of countless scenes representing the royal household, all of which are portrayed with a freedom and candour quite new, we can choose any we like,—they all show a simple, natural, unaffected domesticity.

Now we find the King, his official duties laid temporarily on one side, resting in a remote part of the palace gardens, in the cool shade of one of the kiosks. The Queen, standing beside him, pours a refreshing drink into a cup which he holds out, while the little princesses play about, one coming close up to him with hands full of lotus flowers, which she offers.

Or we have a glimpse into one of the palace chambers, where Akhnaton is seen playing with his children, who sit on his knees or climb up to his shoulders, while the Queen sits affectionately beside him, holding his hand.

Or again Akhnaton and Nefertithi drive out together. They are seen talking earnestly, confidentially, Nefertithi turning to look up into Akhnaton's face,—all of it shown with an astonishing ease and mobility of line.

Still again the King and Queen are driving together, apparently very rapidly, for the Queen grasps the side of the chariot to steady herself. One of the children, also in the chariot and knowing herself unwatched, pokes the horses with a stick,—probably the reason for the rapid motion! It is evidently a scene which actually took place, represented realistically, true in the smallest detail, and, like most of the art of this time, without precedent in Egypt.

The lives of the nobles and courtiers reflect the life of the palace. Now it is worship in the temple (and this really occupies the largest share), now it is the rigid ceremonial which court etiquette compels; again it is a life of marshland sports, fowling and gaming. The Egyptian of the Empire, happy at home with his garden, his vineyard, his flowers and his fruits, loved also to roam into the wilder districts, led on by his intense interest in life's varied activities and pleasures. The "out of doors" always made a strong appeal to the Egyptian, and he is seen at all times following his craving for country pastimes, though at this period the picture is drawn with constant thought for movement and life.

Meanwhile, down by the river were the quays, where the river boats—

making a forest of tall masts with the familiar close net-work of rigging—were moored, and where the populace gathered to watch the unloading of the latest imports from abroad. Each scene is represented with such realism that we can feel ourselves eagerly sharing in the activities of the water-front. Here we see the bearded, long-robed Asiatic working shoulder to shoulder with the thinly-clad, clean-shaven, gracefully slender Egyptian; here too we see the Lybian with the tell-tale feather in his headdress, or the thick-lipped, curly-haired Nubian, busy with his wares brought from the far south. A little apart we see some fishermen mending their nets. One, thoroughly occupied with his work, has no time to be loquacious. Another idles, while he talks to a third who loiters about. Evidently these two have much to say to each other, an amusing story or just friendly chatter. A woman, standing on the bank, bends forward, gesticulating to a man who is fishing from a tiny boat some distance from shore. He turns and calls cheerfully back to her, perhaps to reassure her that he will not fail to bring home some fish for the children's dinner! Two men, carrying a lightly built table heaped with kitchen-garden stuff, pass by, jesting over something. One turns his head as though to make some whimsical retort, or to give a mock rebuke to his fellow. Realism has burst the fetters of convention, and we see the everyday Egyptian, as in fact we have always known him, wholesome, talkative, sunny, unquenchably humorous, living and working once more before us.

So, piecing together the evidence supplied in the tomb reliefs, we follow the different phases of existence in the City of the Sun,—the lives of the royal family in the palace, that of the priests in the great temple, of the nobles in their villas, or of the common folk on the river front. It all unrolls before us and tells us a consecutive, animated story of the busy, happy, sun-lit life at Akhetaton.

What was it that made the realism of this period so spontaneous? What was the religion which moved Akhnaton so deeply that he was able to create a whole new world? Why was it that in their imagery of nature, found particularly in the painted pavements and wall decorations of the palace, the best artists of his time have glimpsed, with unprecedented and unerring insight, the hidden, mysterious Life underlying all manifestation? For never before have we been so aware of the ecstacy of life as we are during this period. There had been a rich exuberance, a refined, luxurious savour in the art of the reign of Amenhotep III, both splendid and contagious, but now there is a rarefied beauty, an exaltation which flames visibly in every line, in every form. Looking at the tremulous reeds which fringe the river banks, we can actually hear them brushing lightly, each against the other, as the rippling water curls and slides between them. We can feel and hear the movement of the wind in the trees, the noisy rustle of the date palms, the soft shiver of the acacia; we can see the bending and nodding of the slender, purple thistle, or the lazy floating and swaying motion of the delicate water plants, in the dark, wind-stirred pools. With rapturous burst of song the birds rise up out of the tall papyrus waving on the borders of the canals, where the irrigation has brought its

blessing of fertility. With the freedom of unfettered joy in their own vigorous life, the little wild animals spring lightly over the wide stretches of field and marshland. There is a kind of ravishment in every movement, conveying, in the subtle way peculiar to this time, a sense that all things in nature are thrilling in response to the great gift of boundless and bountiful life. Never in the best art of this period do we look at life as we see it with our physical eyes only. Always back of it we feel the One Life whispering and beckoning to us behind the veil of its own different and countless flowerings. Why was the need for giving expression to the underlying realities of life so compelling in the spirit of this time?

There are two very definite reasons, both, in a way, peculiar to Akhnaton. The desire for realism in the scenes of court and family life sprang from an ingrained love of truth, so strong that it manifested itself in an effort to represent everyday occurrences unveiled, and as they were actually seen, stripped of those restraining conventions whose laws and moulds had persisted through thousands of years. Akhnaton was a breaker of moulds in all departments of life, not least in the art of his day; but, in shattering the old moulds, whether of art or of religion, he remodelled the fragments into new and lovely forms, and, in the case of art, into forms truer to nature. Unqualified truth was to him the only possible basis of existence, and there is a constant emphasis upon it, such as has not been met with till now,—nor do we meet with it again. As a boy he had been represented under the protection of the Goddess of Truth, and his motto from his earliest years had been: *Ankh em Maat*, "Living in Truth."[1] He was spoken of as "The Prince of Truth," and this was his first and most important title. The spread of truth, as he saw it, was the object of his life, and one of his ways of proclaiming truth was to represent the daily life in temple or at home, graphically and in minutest detail. Akhnaton was an honest soul. What he thought or believed, he said, and he was unafraid. What he saw, he recorded as part of the great pageant of life, and therefore in its own way true. He had watched the deadly poison of sham corroding both religious and social ideals in his beloved land, and he would have none of it. Perhaps he carried his love of realism in the ordinary relations of life too far, missing, as has often been said of him, a certain kingly reserve and dignity; but this criticism is usually made by those who have not undertaken a special study of the period, or of those social and religious cross-currents which were responsible for the conditions of his time. We are less likely to feel repelled if we refuse to take him out of his setting, recognizing the forces against which he fought, and the causes which helped to make him what he was.

When we come to the realism in interpreting nature, we find the same insistence on truth, but in a somewhat different guise, we might say on a higher scale, since in nature there are no shams which need to be exposed. Akhnaton,

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[1] The phrase "True of Voice," which is to be found from the time of the Old Kingdom onwards, can hardly be said to rank in the same category with Akhnaton's motto, since it had a less specially individual significance. It was used particularly in the case of the "justified dead," where it was largely a funerary, ritualistic password to secure a safe passage through the underworld, and in late times was much abused.

in his own peculiar and particular fashion, had a deeper, more unerring sense of the actual presence of God, a more intimate closeness, a more constant, outstreaming love, than had been met with since the days of the Old Kingdom, when Egypt was at the summit of her spiritual glory. Yet even in those days the "living, everyday consciousness of the Divine" had sounded a different note, had given us a more majestic, but less intimate touch. With Akhnaton, however, this sense of closeness, of warmth, of inseparableness breathed through all that he said or thought or wrote, and it is the explanation of the intense sympathy and understanding shown, through the art of his time, towards nature in all her manifold expressions, whether of plant or of animal life.

The Aton worship as interpreted to his people by their King was known as "The Teaching." The god himself was spoken of as the *living* Aton, and the sun's disc (also Aton) was his outer form only, for there was the unmanifest as well as the manifested Aton. A rather confusing phrase in constant use when referring to the ancient Sun-god (who, as we remember, was closely associated with the new religion) was: "Ra in his Aton," and this has been sometimes defined as meaning merely Ra in his outer form, the Aton or solar disc; hence the statement by some writers that the followers of the new religion were nothing more than "disc worshippers." The teaching of Akhnaton does not support this idea, and the phrase should be read with an ascending, not a descending sweep in the Hierarchy,—not Ra manifested in his physical vehicle the sun, but Ra lost in his greater and higher Aspect,—the Son in the Father. Interpreted thus, we get the key to the Aton worship, making more lucid Akhnaton's own interpretation, and his claim that Aton transcended all former conceptions of Deity.

In the "Beginning," Aton was, and the phrase: "While thou wert alone," becomes almost a refrain in the ritual. He was, in addition, so at one with his creation that the whole infinite and varied universe was but the expression of Aton's love. This was not, as in the old days, for Egypt alone. Aton had created Syria and Nubia as well; the "Islands of the Great Green Water" (the Ægean Islands) were his, and his love penetrated to the uttermost parts of the earth. There were neither natural nor racial limits; all races, all countries alike, were held together by his love. This emphasis on love as *essential* to Deity, and the universality of this love, were the unique gifts which Akhnaton offered to the world. With irresistible force it blazes out, and we hear this young Pharaoh singing: "Thou art Father and Mother of all that Thou makest." "Thou bindest all lands with thy love." Aton is the "Lord of love," his love is "great and mighty"; it is "like the multitude of the sands of the dunes, like the scales of the fish in the streams, or the hairs of the cattle," and it will last "till the swan grows black and the crow grows white, till the hills rise up to travel, and the deep runs up the river." Aton loves the least of his creatures: "He gives life to cattle of all kinds," and to "all flying and fluttering things with all kinds of reptiles which are on the earth."

Aton was never pictured anthropomorphically, as had been every other god

in Egypt without exception;[1] but we find him everywhere symbolized by the sun's disc with many down-streaming rays. These rays, unique in the art of Egypt[2], represented the physical expression of his out-flowing, illimitable love, and since this all-penetrating love was so essential a part of the Aton religion, it is easy to see why there was such prominence given the rays in the ritual, as well as in the art. The only approach to anthropomorphism is to be found in the tiny hands at the ends of the rays, but we must look on these hands as symbols, just as the rays are symbols, for they carry benediction in the form of the *Ankh*, the Sign of Life, indicating a life-giving power in the rays themselves. Thus we read: "It is the breath of life in the nostrils to behold thy rays." "Thy rays embrace the land, even all that thou hast made." Aton is "Lord of rays for giving light," and we find Akhnaton spoken of as: "Thy child who issued from thy rays." "Thou hast formed him [Pharaoh] by thine own rays." In the reliefs the King is never shown, either in temple, in palace, or driving abroad, without being under the protection of these radiating, earthward-streaming rays, the tiny hands often seen supporting him, as though to represent the Divine solicitude,—a touch which emphasizes the intimate nature of the Aton faith.

So we see that Aton made the universe out of his own substance, moved by the magnitude of his love. He had created "that which was not," and he was the indwelling life of his creation. He was the Living One by whom all things, both great and small, were nourished and sustained, the loving, ever-present Father, and it is in the Great Hymn to Aton, as we shall see, that the young King poured out his heart, in praise and thanksgiving, to his god.

HETEP EN NETER.

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[1] The most ancient symbol of Ra was, as we know, the pyramid, the pyramidal apex of the obelisk (essentially a solar monument) being the sacred portion. But Ra was also represented anthropomorphically, as stated in a former article.

[2] There is mention of the rays of the sun as early as the Pyramid Texts, where they are spoken of as the Sun-god's arms; indeed they are referred to, from time to time, through the unnumbered centuries, and they evidently played some part in the temple rituals; but until Akhnaton's time they had never been emphasized to the point of actually being represented in tomb reliefs.

(*To be continued*)

THE CREST JEWEL OF WISDOM

ATTRIBUTED TO SHANKARA ACHARYA

II

AMONG all means of liberation, devotion, verily, is the most potent. The fixing of the heart on the true being of the Divine Self is declared to be devotion.

Others say that devotion is the fixing of the heart on one's own real Self. He who has attained to the qualifications already described is fitted to discern the real being of the Self.

Let him draw near to a Teacher who has attained to wisdom, from whom liberation from bondage may be learned, one who knows the holy teaching, who is perfect in purity, who is not moved by desire, who is wise in the wisdom of the Eternal;

Who has entered into rest in the Eternal, who has won the great peace, like the flame when the fuel is consumed, who is an ocean of compassion that seeks no return, the friend of all who appeal for help. (35)

Drawing near to the Teacher in reverent devotion, with the loving service of one who seeks the Eternal, and thus winning his good will, let him ask what he seeks to know concerning the true Self:

"Master, obeisance to thee, friend of the world bowed down, ocean of compassion, save me, sunk in the sea of life, bending on me thy steadfast glance, which rains down righteousness and compassion;

"For I am burned by the flaming fire of passional life, hard to quench, I am driven to and fro by the storms of contrary fate, I am full of fear. I come to thee for refuge; save me from death, for I know no other safety!

"The mighty ones who have attained to peace dwell in righteousness, bringing life to the world like the coming of spring; they, who have themselves crossed the dread sea of passional life, aid others to cross it through compassion that seeks no return.

"It is the essence of the very being of those of mighty soul to seek to heal the sorrows of others, as the nectar-rayed moon of itself cools the earth, scorched by the fierce fire of the sun. (40)

"Pour out upon me thy words of immortal life, which bring the happiness of the sacred teaching, as they issue from the vessel of thy voice, clear, restoring, purifying, inspired by thine own experience of the essence of the joy of the Eternal; Master, I am consumed by the fiery flames, the scorching heat of this passional life! Happy are they on whom thine eyes rest even for a moment; they are thereby made acceptable and become thine own.

"How may I cross this ocean of passional life? What pathway is there for me, what way of safety? I know none. In thy compassion guard me, Master! Save me from the pain and destruction of this life set about with death!"

The mighty soul, his eyes wet with tears of compassion, looking on the disciple speaking thus, who has appealed to him for help, who is burned by the flaming heat of the fires of this life beset by death, straightway sets him free from fear;

Full of wisdom, in his compassion he begins to instruct in the truth the disciple who has come to him in reverent service, seeking liberation, who has rightly mastered the qualifications, whose heart has gained stillness, who has attained to quietude:

"Fear not, wise one! Thou art not in danger; there is a way to cross the ocean of this life beset by death, whereby the saints have gained the other shore. That way I shall reveal to thee. (45)

"There is a way of power, which destroys the terror of this life beset by death; by it crossing the wide sea of this world, thou shalt attain to the supreme joy;

"Through right understanding of the essence of the teaching of wisdom, the most excellent illumination is brought to birth, through which comes the destruction of the illimitable pain of life set about with death.

"The voice of the sacred teaching clearly declares that the means of liberation for him who seeks liberation are faith, devoted love, meditation, union. He who stands firm in these, to him comes liberation from the bondage to the body which is forged by unwisdom.

"This life beset by death comes from bondage to that which is not thy true Self, because thou knowest not thy oneness with the Supreme Self. The flame of illumination kindled by right discernment between the false and the true Self will burn up the works of unwisdom root and branch."

"Master, hear in thy compassion! This question I ask; hearing the answer from my Master's lips, I shall gain my end: (50)

"What indeed is bondage? How does it come about? What is its support? How is one set free? What is that which is not the true Self? What is discernment between the false and the true? Let this be declared."

"Happy art thou who hast attained thy goal; through thee thy family is blessed, because through liberation from unwisdom thou seekest to become one with the Eternal.

"Sons and kindred may free a father from his debts; but other than a man's self, none can free him from bondage.

"The pain caused by a burden weighing on the head may be relieved by others; but suffering from hunger and thirst can be removed by none, unless the man himself eat and drink.

"When the sick man rightly uses medicine, he is restored to health, but not through the right actions of another. (55)

"The true being of the real must be seen by one's own eyes illumined by clear wisdom; it is not enough that thy Teacher should see. The true form of

the moon must be known through one's own eyes; how can it be understood through the eyes of others?

"How could another than oneself untie the cords that bind through unwisdom, through desire and the fruit of works, even in a thousand million ages?

"Not by Yoga nor by Sankhya, not by works nor by knowledge, but only through awaking to the oneness of one's true Self with the Eternal, does liberation come, and in no other way.

"The form and beauty of the lute and skill in making its strings to sound may bring delight to the multitude; they cannot establish the power of a monarch.

"Well uttered speech, a waterfall of words and skill in setting forth the sacred texts and learning are for the delectation of the learned, but do not bring liberation. (60)

"When the supreme reality is not known, the reading of the scriptures is fruitless. Even when the supreme reality is known by the mind only, the reading of the scriptures is fruitless.

"A network of words is like a mighty forest, causing the mind to go astray; therefore the reality of the divine Self should be sought earnestly from one who knows the real.

"Unless he be healed by knowledge of the Eternal, what profit is there for him who has been bitten by the snake of unwisdom, whether through the Vedas and the scriptures, or through charms and herbs?

"Sickness does not depart by speaking of medicine unless the medicine be drunk; liberation comes not through speaking of the Eternal without immediate experience of the Eternal.

"Without dissolving in thought the visible world, without knowing the reality of the divine Self, what liberation can men gain from outward words, whose fruit is mere sound? (65)

"Merely by declaring, 'I am king,' without destroying the enemy, and without gaining the wealth of the kingdom, none can become king.

"Through right directions, through digging and removing the stones and earth above it, the buried treasure is brought forth, not by uttering the word, 'Forth!' So through the teaching of one who knows the Eternal, through careful thought and meditation is to be gained the pure truth of the divine Self, concealed by the working of glamour, and not by subtle reasoning.

"Therefore wise men must earnestly strive themselves to win liberation from the bondage of the world beset by death, as they would themselves use remedies for sickness.

"The excellent question which thou hast asked to-day, in accord with the sacred teachings, of deep import like a Sutra, should be asked by those who seek liberation.

"Give good heed, wise one, to what is declared by me; through hearing it, thou shalt in truth be freed from the bondage of the world of death. (70)

"The first cause of liberation is declared to be complete detachment from

all things that are out of the Eternal; then quietude, control, endurance; then the renouncing altogether of all works done through personal desire.

"Then study of the scriptures, thinking out their meaning, with prolonged, continuous meditation on the real by the disciple; then gaining liberation from the bondage of wrong thinking, the wise man even here attains to the happiness of Nirvana.

"The discerning between the real Self and that which is not Self, which is now to be understood by thee, I shall straightway declare; hearing, understand it within thyself.

"By the wise, that is called the gross body, which is made up of these substances called marrow, bone, fat, flesh, blood, skin, epidermis; consisting of trunk, chest, arms, feet, back, head, limbs and the divisions of limbs;

"It is known as the seat of the delusion of 'I' and 'my.' Ether, air, fire, water and earth are the subtile elements. (75)

"When compounded with each other, they form the gross elements, which build up the gross body; they are the materials of objects perceived by the five senses, as sound and the rest; their purpose is, to teach the soul through experience.

"They who, fascinated by these things of sense, are bound by the strong bonds of desire, hard to break, ascend and descend, carried downward, upward, forward by their own Karma as a headlong messenger.

"Each one fascinated through one of the five senses, by sound and the other powers, these five, deer, elephants, moths, fish, bees, go to their death and are dissolved in the five elements; how can man escape, who is fascinated by all five senses?

"Things of sense are more penetrating in the hurt they cause than the venom of the black serpent. The poison slays only him into whom it enters, but things of sense destroy through mere beholding.

"He only who is free from the great snare of sensuous desire, hard to escape from, builds for liberation, and not another, even though he know the six scriptures. (80)

"Those who falsely fancy themseves detached and seeking liberation, striving to reach the further shore of the ocean of passional life, seized by the shark of their desire, sink in the midst of their journey, caught by the throat and swiftly carried downward.

"He who slays the shark called sensuous desire with the sharp sword of true detachment, gains the further shore of the ocean of passional life, carried forward without hindrance.

"Death is the end of him who sets forth untimely on the rough way of sensuous life, with intelligence obscured; but he who goes forward guided by a loving, righteous Teacher, through union with his true Self gains his end and his reward. Know this to be the truth.

"If thou hast the ardent desire for liberation, put sensuous desires away from thee like poison; ceaselessly, reverently love acceptance, compassion, endurance, rectitude, quietude, control, as the essence of immortality.

"He who, neglecting the duty of each moment, the freeing of himself from the bondage caused by beginningless unwisdom, forgetting that the body exists for the soul, is wholly absorbed in feeding it, thereby slays his own soul. (85)

"He who wishes to find his true Self, yet is engrossed with the feeding of his body, seeks to cross the river grasping a crocodile with the thought that it is a log.

"Fascination by the body and its powers is the great death for him who is seeking liberation. He alone is worthy to seek the path of liberation, who is free from fascination.

"Slay fascination by the body, wife and children, that great death; conquering it, the saints go to that supreme home of the all-pervading deity.

"Formed of skin, flesh, blood, sinew, fat, marrow, bone, full of waste and decay is this gross body, deserving condemnation.

"Built up of the elements mingled fivefold, through the Karma of previous lives, is this gross body, a house for the experience of the soul; its state is waking consciousness, perceiving gross objects of sense." (90)

The personal life, finding delight in outward objects through the external senses, rejoicing in garlands, sandalwood and women, through the perceptive power of the Self, finds its activity in waking consciousness in the body.

This gross body, through which the spirit of man engages in all outward life, know that it is but the house of the householder.

The inherent tendencies of the gross body are birth, decay and death; its periods are the six ages beginning with childhood; its rules are differences of race and order of life, with their afflictions; it receives worship, dishonour and honour in all their forms.

Its powers of perception are hearing, touch, sight, smell, taste, which make sensuous objects perceptible; voice, hands, feet, the powers that put forth and reproduce, are its powers of action, through which it engages in works.

Its interior powers are called mind (Manas), intelligence (Buddhi), the personal sense (Ahankara) and imagination (Chitta), with their activities. The function of mind is the gathering together and separating of impulses; the function of intelligence is to reach a judgment regarding what is perceived; (95)

The function of the personal sense is the thought of "I" through the attribution of self-hood; the function of imagination is to hold the consciousness steady on its object.

The vital breath consists of the forward breath, the downward breath, the distributive breath, the upward breath, the uniting breath; they are modified by function and form, as gold and water are modified.

The subtile body is said to be made up of these eight groups: voice and the other powers of action; hearing and the other powers of perception; the forward breath and the other vital breaths; ether and the other subtile elements; intelligence and the other interior powers; together with unwisdom, desire and Karma.

Hear concerning this body, which is called the subtile, and also the form body,

and which is composed of the five elements not commingled fivefold; it is the field of the experience of the fruit of Karma, through the imprints of tendencies; it rests on the inherent sense of separateness; it is the vehicle of the real Self.

Dream is its distinctive state, in which it grows through substance of its own building; when in this dream-consciousness it attains to the power to act, the intelligence, based on the manifold impressions made during the time of waking, shines forth; for in this state a higher Self becomes luminous, having a vesture of the substance of meditation; it is an independent witness, nor is it stained by the separate acts of the physical body. (101)

C. J.

(To be continued.)

Love is where the glory falls
Of Thy face—on convent walls
Or on tavern floors, the same
Unextinguishable flame.

Where the turbaned anchorite
Chanteth Allah day and night,
Church bells ring the call to prayer
And the Cross of Christ is there.

—HAFIZ.

He who disregards his reputation is not what a man should be. He who is not absolutely oblivious of his own existence can never be a ruler of men.—CHUANG TZU.

He who never identifies himself with his body and mind, and does not grieve over what is no more, he indeed is called a Bhikshu.—DHAMMAPADA.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Student looked at us. "You are a poor lot," he said. "You think you're tired. There was talk at the Convention about Kings. Someone ought to have quoted,——

'From times when forth from the sunlight, the first of our Kings came down,
And had the earth for his footstool, and wore the stars for his crown.'

I quote it now for contrast: to suggest a synthetic picture of your opposite. You're not tired. You think you are; you imagine you are. If I could make you sufficiently mad—regally angry—you'd scintillate, all of you, and the Recorder's work would be half done."

"Scintillation in this heat would be sulphurous: it would be wiser not to try it. I can give the Recorder something better in any case. I have with me a series of comments by Cavé, beginning in 1914, on the inner record of a younger student, which will interest all of you, and which will be of greater value to readers of the QUARTERLY than anything we could improvise. Shall I read them to you?"

It was the Historian who made this pacifying suggestion, which one and all of us welcomed with relief; so he read aloud to us, first explaining that the recipient of these comments had taken great pains to copy them, in the hope that they might be used for the benefit of others besides himself:

"You have such depths of doubt to contend with! There *must* be trust. Why is it so hard to trust Him who has sacrificed everything for you? It is not and never can be a question of me or of any of the others. We are nothing: He is everything. You must plunge in, body and soul; shut your eyes and grit your teeth, and plunge! Better a thousand times to die heroically than never to do anything because fearing the risk. Your lower nature has to be forced of course. How can you expect your lower nature to like it? But that is not *you*. Disassociate yourself from it once and for all and be done with it. What peace. What relief. Believe me, any cross of His giving, is a feather weight in comparison with those we place upon our backs. 'My yoke is easy and my burden is light.'

"Trust Him. Give Him that—your eternal fealty, and the flame of love must come, a passion of love as more and more we see what He is—glorious Warrior and King. Do not take the attitude with yourself: I must try to feel. Take the other attitude: I *do* feel, and feel intensely, love, devotion to the Master, passion for His Cause. When your mind tells you otherwise, say it lies; say it with all the force and heat you can. Because you are turning on an enemy, the traitor in your gates who is betraying you and your Cause.

"And the 'mechanics' are something like this: the *mind* does not feel, of course not; it can be flooded over by feeling; but so long as it remains analytical it cannot be flooded, for the analytical faculty is not constructive and vital, but destructive. It tears to pieces. Here you see your barrier to be what is called in the East, 'Wrong Self-Identification.' So long as you permit your personal consciousness to remain in an analytical mind, so long as you call it yourself, *I*, just so long, of course, you will not be conscious of feeling. You will have only blurred impressions of them; and if you try (as you often do) to drag them into the sphere of the mind, they become pale and lifeless there. You are caught in the snare of mind (the 'Slayer of the Real'), and you must 'slay the Slayer' by refusing any longer to identify yourself with it. You are *not the mind;* it is your instrument, *not* you,—as if a man had a wonderful machine and were so fascinated by its performance that he thought himself *it* instead of himself. We should say that man was a lunatic; but we appear to be just such lunatics to those of the Spiritual World, and much of their gentle charity towards us, is due to their appreciation of our condition.

"You must, by effort of will, refuse to identify yourself with these things that trouble you—doubt, suspicion, lack of intensity, and the rest. One and all, they are mental miasma. You must struggle for this separation hour by hour and minute by minute during the day—keeping on with grim determination when grim determination is all you have, and looking upon it as a hand to hand encounter with a traitor in your citadel, with whom you have come to grips at last. The fight must go on, perhaps in the dark, or only in faint light; but if you continue, the dawn is sure to come; and the main thing, as you can readily see in that simile, is not to let go, not to let him overpower you.

"Please remember what I have said, that your main trouble is wrong Self-Identification; in Faber's phrase, that is your 'ruling passion.' You are the blade, not the scabbard. Think of yourself as a Knight of France, who is dedicated with passionate devotion to the most superb of all Causes, the most superb of all Leaders.

"Vanity, you query? Is it vanity to recognize the fact that you are a gentleman, and the son of a gentleman,—not a Bowery tough? It is realization, acceptance of fact, is it not? Realize the *facts* of yourself, of your life. Emancipate yourself from the delusions in which you have been living. Come back from the world of dreams and shadows into the sunshine of real life and consciousness.

"But so long have you been living in those delusions, to such an extent have they hardened about you, that you must fight them inch by inch; though as a result they may suddenly disappear any hour. Think of the hand to hand struggle in the citadel, and set your will and heart firmly and sternly to the task.

"You may seem at times to be alone, but you never are. The Powers for whom you are struggling are ever mindful, never desert us, never leave us to our fate, always bring the reinforcements that we need."

"The next comment," the Historian continued, "cannot well be understood without a brief quotation from the record which gave rise to it,—as follows: '. . . For a good deal of the time, tried simply to be sitting in His presence. . . . Just at the close a stronger sense of Him. The close of my meditation is often marked that way—before I am aware of the time, as if the final benediction got through. Then the clock strikes.' This is the comment."

"Do not try to sit in His presence; kneel there inside, whatever the outer posture may be. We need to give ourselves every assistance and reminder; and that should always be the attitude of our hearts, which is in no way incompatible with the utmost of intimacy.

"Naturally you will get more towards the close, as even though not immediately aware of the time, your mental time-sense is aware, and so something of the tenseness is relaxed which makes you so rigid with anxiety.

"Do try all you can to relax. Kneel there in His presence and feel His love pouring out upon you and calling for your love and assistance in return. O the promises, the promises! If you could realize the half you would rush toward them, so great would be your desire: and the most you could imagine in your wildest dreams would not be all—but you must win them."

"Again I must quote from the record: 'I tried to relax and to keep so and think I did to some extent anyway. I do not seem to be able to relax and to hold any desire and driving power. To relax and to plunge simultaneously seems to be beyond me. I think I am afraid to relax for fear of my mind flying off to idleness, to other matters.' Then the comment."

"To relax on one hand and to plunge on the other—that is more the way of it. Let go; but as you do so, reach out to the Master and your picture of Him, so filling your mind with that, that no other thoughts will interest you. You must be keenly interested in what you are trying to do, and to see and feel. Let your imagination go, let your feeling go, but start them off—by effort of will if need be—in the one direction, the Master; and with intense interest as to what may happen. Does that make it any clearer?"

"The next comment, with the record that evoked it, seems to me to be particularly important," the Historian continued. "The record says: 'Seemed again very vaguely and dimly to see His wounded feet before me, and, kneeling, tried to draw near. Feeling that brought me to the verge of tears. Then the words from H. P. B. in "Screen of Time" came into my mind: "A lot of use that is"—with the feeling that *will* was what was needed, not emotion, and the feeling passed. (a) Later the words: "Underneath my sorrow, fee the everlasting arms," came into my mind with the feeling of His arms upholding me. This brought back the feeling and took me again to the verge of tears.' This is the comment."

"(a) Here was where you made a serious mistake. If you look back to the "Screen" you will find that H. P. B. did not say that until after a long period of repentance and passionate emotion on Mrs. S——'s part. You are 'icebound' as you say. What you need above all things is to melt,—melt until everything of coldness, hardness or doubt has been utterly dissolved. Frankly, I should rejoice if for six months without intermission, you could sob your heart out in floods of weeping every morning for two hours. You need it to break yourself up, to get those barriers down. After that there would be little self-consciousness left! Perhaps this may seem unhealthy or extravagant to you. Nevertheless I can but repeat what is my profound conviction. No one must be ashamed of tears. Sometimes—often—we must be ashamed of what *caused* the tears; and then the tears of our weakness and humiliation may wash away that cause. Have we not need to reproach and blame ourselves for *coldness?* What sin so wounds His heart as that? If you could realize how He suffers from it! You will see in this experience how the second time you were brought 'to the verge of tears,' in spite of your previous effort against it. . . .

"The way to get away from your 'vanity' is to disregard it, and to *act as if*, —as if there were no vanity, throwing yourself forward in spite of this as of any and all obstacles.

"Do you not see that until you can *feel* it is impossible for you to *will*, since will lies the other side of desire?"

"Later, referring to another entry, there is this comment."

"All emotion must seem noisy by contrast; but to know the real peace, His peace, we must go through the storm and stress of battle and feeling first. Your nature needs to be torn up by the roots—that is what most people need, because they have become rooted deep in so much of error and misunderstanding and ignorance. So—as fast as we can stand it—our natures are ploughed up, that the Lord of the Harvest may have a good crop from fertile fields. Re-read how *Light on the Path* explains all this process, telling us finally that the flower blooms 'in the silence that *follows* the storm; not till then.' The whole nature of the man must be utterly dissolved—'seem to be utterly dissolved,' the book says,—that we may understand the dissolution as the essential process of resurrection, the losing of life that we may find it."

"In August, 1914, there is this comment."

"I am glad you realize these gains, for you need the encouragement they give, and they are genuine.

"You cannot continue to meditate upon and strive after some realization of His love for you, without being melted in its flames as your consciousness approaches it,—without a growing and ever growing longing for His unutterable loveliness. And see His need to-day! Cannot this war, with all He has planned and striven after involved in it, bring clearly before you His need?

His need of love, of devotion to the death, of glad willingness, nay thankfulness to sacrifice everything to Him and for His sake? Think what He can accomplish in the world, think how triumphantly His Kingdom could come, if He had a corps upon whose unflinching valour, tireless enthusiasm, wholehearted devotion and intelligent obedience He could confidently lean! And day by day, hour by hour, as He battles on, in spite of our forgetfulness, too often, O unspeakable shame, in spite of our treachery, He calls us and waits for us, and forgives us and endlessly, endlessly loves us. If this war mean nothing else to us, let it bring some realization *home*—home to the quick—of our Master, of what He is doing, of what is really happening, of what life really is, and so shake us out of our sleep and our dreams and this dreary dullness and dumbness which the drug of material life and psychic stimulation puts into our blood. Will you not try as you read the war news and feel your pulses move, to use it as a means of realizing what His fight is? That the *war is on;* has been all along; will be until we bring it to a finish: and that He calls each one to his place and his duty. The tragedy of it is that we do feel these things at times, and then like babies, our attention is diverted by the first little bauble or the first little pain that comes our way."

"Do you remember how we felt in August, 1914?" the Historian asked. "The strain was almost unendurable; yet I happen to know that the next comment was the fruit of experience. The record was dated August 23rd; the comment probably was written about a week later—well before the Battle of the Marne."

"Also please remember another thing: strain cannot come from outer circumstances. *Strain can only come from within ourselves.* When a man is master over himself, he is master over his circumstances, and in that sense of strength and self-control finds both peace and joy, whatever the outer difficulties may be. Without that self-mastery, there can be no peace but an ever-growing inner discontent and disgust which will darken the brightest circumstances, and in time demoralize the whole nature. Whatever the cost, live up unflinchingly to the highest and purest standard you can see—that is the price each one of us must pay for his own soul; and the power and joy it brings are worth any small sacrifice or struggle it may cause. If you fritter such feeling as you have, in lesser things day by day, how can you expect to gain that passion of devotion for Him for which you truly long (that I know), and of which He has such need? 'Think *constantly* of My love,' your notes say; that means all the time. But with how many other things are you perpetually occupied, that preclude constant thinking upon His love? And, believe me, this can never be true of *duties.*"

All of us were grateful to the Historian, but none more so than the Recorder. The "Screen" had bothered him. The Historian's contribution had lifted us to the eternal verities; had helped to restore our sense of real values. T.

LETTERS TO STUDENTS

June 22nd, 1915.

DEAR ———

You ask to what extent is ——— to be developed along Roman lines. My answer is—not at all: in no way whatsoever. There is a great gulf fixed between Rome and everything for which the Chapel and ——— stand.

* * * * * * * *

It would be a serious mistake to permit Rome to monopolize such devotions as that, for instance, of the Sacred Heart. Also it would be a great mistake not to acquire the ability to read some book about convent life and the training of disciples in schools of that sort, and not to extract from such reading the same impersonal light that you are able to find in the *Gita* or *Tao-teh-King*. You are not a Hindu, and it has never entered your head to offer "ghee" to the Gods. You are not a Romanist, and it has never entered your head to become a nun and live in a convent. I hope it never will. You are intended to do something much more difficult, that is, to live in the world as a disciple. Learn what you can, with that object in view,—from *Gita*, *Tao*, *Sutras*, as from manuals for nuns. Digest and assimilate impersonally, asking yourself always what the Master would wish you to do about this or the other doctrine or admonition. But of course conquer *prejudice*, if really you find yourself guilty of it, because, as a Theosophist, you should be able to welcome truth from all and every source.

I am not a bit worried about your relations with ————, or about you in any particular for that matter! If you peg away and do your best it will work out all right. All you need *try* to do is to be a well-bred woman. Not a thing more is required. Let affection come. It will in time, and will surprise you with its force and fervour.

We are comfortably settled here, but I find that the hour's travelling a day, takes a lot of time. It is worth the journey to get into the quiet and pure air of the country however.

With kind regards to all the household, I am

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

June 30th, 1915.

DEAR ———

To grow in love for the Master involves one of the paradoxes which we find so constantly in the spiritual life.

To love the Master we must know him. To know him we must obey him. To obey him we must love him. Like everything else in the spiritual world,

one thing involves another,—all others. That is the reason why perfection in any one virtue will carry us into Heaven. We cannot be perfect in any one direction without being perfect in all.

* * * * * * * *

Self-consciousness is a form of vanity. Look out for it.

With kind regards,

I am sincerely,

C. A. Griscom.

July 12th, 1915.

Dear ——

I think you will find in the *Autobiography of Sœur Thérèse* answers to all the questions you ask in your letter to me. Please read the book with the idea of getting replies to your mental queries. It is infinitely better for you, always, to work these things out for yourself rather than to be told them. In the one case you know them. In the other, they remain things you have heard which require verification by your own mind and heart.

If any problem remains after you have finished the book, I shall be very glad to try to throw light on it. I am of course referring to these particular questions. I shall be glad to hear from you about anything else.

With kind regards,

I am sincerely,

C. A. Griscom.

July 24th, 1915.

Dear ——

I have carried your letters around in my pocket ever since they arrived, hoping to find an odd moment to answer them, but I didn't find time even to send you a line of apology for the delay.

So far as your future is concerned and your possible return to ————, this is so purely personal a matter, that with every desire in the world to help you, I should not dare to advise.

So far as the incident is concerned, the matter of the little expedition suggested by ————, and your treatment of it, I hope you will pardon me for saying that your action was deplorable from every point of view. Among other things, it was not well-bred, which is one of the things you must be.

You spoke of Sœur Thérèse's habit of offering up little acts of sacrifice, and that your trouble is not realizing your opportunities of service and sacrifice; and then you tell of this incident, where you had an obvious opportunity to do something you did not want to do, in a kind and gracious and cheerful and willing way—and didn't.

Part of the effort must be not merely willingness to be sacrificed, but the will and desire and energy to seek out the opportunities. You not only did not seek this out, but refused it when offered.

We are all alike in such matters. I say this because I do not want you to have an overwhelming "conviction of sin" and to be depressed and discouraged. Remember that after all, it is not what you do, but what you want to do, your motive, that counts. We are all of us making hideous mistakes all the time, but if the Master sees that our desire is in accord with his wishes for us, he pardons unlimited mistakes and omissions.

I can see no reason why you should not make *constructive* criticisms of the household management to ————. It will be good practice for you. The point, of course, is to be sure your comments are absolutely free from any malice or ill-humour.

I have read your list of questions for self-examination, with pleasure and interest. They seem to be very good,—and very severe. You will be a saint when you can pass a single day and mark yourself a 100!

Perhaps the best way to get at the positive side of the tendency to criticize is to make a deliberate practice of dwelling on the virtues of people. Take ————, whom you find uncongenial in many ways. Your mind instinctively seeks justification for this feeling, and can always find it. Instead, therefore, of fighting this tendency of the mind, do you take the other tack and deliberately go over in your mind, ————'s virtues. You can see what fine qualities she has in a great many directions. What do her faults and peculiarities matter in contrast with such an exhibition of virtues: how petty and insignificant they are: how mean of you to select these faults, instead of her good qualities, to dwell on. So with others. You can work up quite an enthusiasm over any person, *who is trying*, by this method.

Remember also it is not a false enthusiasm, or on a false basis; it is the truth. The real ———— is all those things you see and can admire in her. The rest of what you see in her, or in yourself too, for that matter, is not the real self, but excrescences, accretions from the past, bad habits and tendencies only temporarily attached to the soul; things that will be shed in time, and which you must learn to dissociate from the real person and help to get rid of.

The real *you* is quite incapable of doing an ungracious thing, I assure you. The congeries of forces which centre around the real *you* have all sorts of possibilities in them if they are allowed free play. Do not allow them freedom. Deprive them of life and strength by refusing to recognize them as yourself, as a real part of the real you. They actually are not, and will soon wither and disappear if treated consistently in this way.

With kind regards,

I am sincerely,

C. A. Griscom.

August 7th, 1915.

Dear ——

I do not think a concentration of interests on the Chapel and what it stands for, is likely to lead to small-mindedness and narrowness: quite the contrary.

I know of no people who are as catholic and as general in their interests as the group of people with whom you associate. It is true that we are not very much excited over theatres or the various forms of amusements, or what is called "society," with which most people fill their time, and which are the basis of contact between most people: therefore we do feel somewhat cut off from ordinary human intercourse of the common type, simply because we cannot enter very enthusiastically into the typical interests and life of these people: but it is they who are narrow and restricted, not we. After a while, as our sympathies grow, we can enter into their lives as a mother enters into the very silly games of her child. She does not do it well if the child feel that she is not really keen about it. No; if you concentrate on what the Chapel stands for, you are concentrating on what is best and highest in religion, politics, art, music, literature, and every department of human life. It is not narrowing, I assure you, even if it be sometimes a little lonesome, owing to the comparatively few people who can live in this atmosphere.

I do not think you should worry about this. It may seem to you that the first effect of discipleship is to narrow and to concentrate your interests to a doubtful extent; but this is at the worst only a temporary condition, leading to an indefinite expansion of true interests.

As for day-dreaming; it is a big subject and I can only make a suggestion or two.

The personality, that elemental life in each one of us, craves sensation so intensely—it cannot be satisfied—that if the circumstances of one's life do not provide it with sufficient, it will manufacture it with the imagination, or seek it vicariously through trashy novels or the theatre, etc. Like everything else that is not as it should be, we use a divine power for improper ends or in an improper manner.

You will find that in order to satisfy this craving for life, or sensation, you have to increase the intensity of your imaginary picture—or to put it differently, the colours must be made more and more vivid. If you imagine yourself rich, you must increase the wealth in order to maintain the sensation; if you imagine yourself with power, you must go on wielding more and more power to satisfy this hunger for sensation. In a word, there is no limit to this practice: and of course it uses up force, a real force, in a useless direction to say the least, and therefore, is wrong, or if not actually wrong, is at least wasteful and undesirable.

As for the proper cure, that is also a big subject for a letter already very long. I think perhaps the best thing to try to do, or the two best things are: (a) try to live so intensely, to feel the actual romance of life, its battle, its constant warfare, that your craving for sensation is satisfied in actual events and in normal ways. Incidentally, I should try to curb this desire for sensation, and try to realize that it is not the real *you* that wants it, but only the elemental life in you which, sooner or later, must be curbed and transmuted; (b) when you do find your imagination running away from you—as you often will—take charge of it and force it to work on problems you give it, or in directions you select, and make these, so far as you can, matters that concern the higher

life. Imagine yourself a disciple, living a perfect life here in the world: you can ring the changes on this to an indefinite extent.

The practice of exterior obedience is absolutely essential to the acquirement of inner obedience. How can the inner obey until the outer is brought under absolute control, and how can this be done save by repeated experience? You need not worry about being placed under ————. You will have to want it very much more than you do now before it would be possible.

I am afraid the T. S. Library will have to wait.

Sincerely yours,
C. A. GRISCOM.

August 11th, 1915.

DEAR ——

It may be rash of me, but I am not as disturbed over your "badness" as you seem to be. I think you will recover! As a matter of fact you are tired out and need a good rest. The week end at ———— and your coming vacation should fix you up in fine trim.

In the meantime try to realize that depression and discouragement are always activities of the mental and psychic side of our complicated natures, and that your real self is standing aside, serene and poised, and often amused by the gyrations of your personality. We can, with effort, sink back into this quiet place, and get its strength to carry with us into the daily struggle. That is what meditation really is:—one of the things, at any rate.

So take heart of grace and go on, accepting what comes, including your own limitations, and all will be well.

Sincerely,
C. A. GRISCOM.

August 18th, 1915.

DEAR ——

There is nothing whatsoever the matter with you except that you are tired.

Be patient with yourself. Try to remember that you are not that tired and nervous personality. It is the Master's child. He has entrusted you with its bringing up. Think how patient—even though at times strict—he would wish you to be.

* * * * * * * *

With kind regards,
I am sincerely,
C. A. GRISCOM.

September 9th, 1915.

DEAR ——

The Master's work is whatever he gives you to do. His great purpose, his unalterable resolve, is the spiritual regeneration of everyone in the world: his

specific desire for you is your regeneration. Therefore he places you, first, where life will bring to bear on you the influences that will enable you to grow, if you react to them rightly. He tempers the experience to your strength and capacity. The soul is *never* called upon to do more than it *can* do easily, although it is often called on to do more than it does do. Secondly, he places you where, while living your own life, in the kind of environment you need, you can also help in the general work, so far as you are yet wise and strong enough to do so. The two things always go hand in hand, as he never wastes anything. We gradually learn a little of how to help others, but almost always it is by what we are and what we do, rather than by what we say or write or attempt to teach. We realize this more and more. Therefore, as we grow wiser, we spend more and more time and energy on ourselves, as the best, quickest and simplest way of helping him and forwarding his work.

Your vacation rule must necessarily be different from your ordinary rule, but *have* a rule that covers your varied activities. Make it comprehensive, not restrictive. It is your duty to have a nice time, to enjoy yourself, and to get well and strong. I hope you are doing all these things.

Sincerely yours,
C. A. Griscom.

September 16th, 1915.

Dear ——

I can hardly say that I am glad to hear that you have been bad; but, having been bad, I can at least point out its uses. You will now have a standard with which to contrast your future conduct; and, above all, when you feel depressed and discouraged hereafter, all you will have to do is to compare your actual performance with your present state of wickedness. Think what a comfort and relief that will be: and see how we can get good out of evil!

Seriously, however, I refuse to worry about your depravity. It may be very great, but I am convinced that you will get over it, and I cannot for the life of me see that inability to maintain some particular routine or Rule of Life because you are keeping house for brothers and friends, is very wicked.

Do not go into the reforming business. The Lord can attend to it a lot better than we can. Be yourself, your best self, and be content with nothing less than this. If you are this, you will find that unconsciously you bring to others the "influence," the help, the inspiration and the example they need. As a rule, any kind of preaching actually repels, and produces just the opposite effect to what we want. Even when people ask for advice, about nine times out of ten they do not really want it, and react from it.

We must learn to be as patient with other people's troubles and slowness and inertia as the Master is with ours. Think what we must cost him daily, hourly!

I hope you are getting a good rest.

Sincerely,
C. A. Griscom.

September 22nd, 1915.

DEAR ——

Your fundamental mistake is in supposing that you have nothing to give. Take the Ante-Chapel after the service: there is not a person there who would not be glad of your friendly greeting; there is not a choir-girl who would not be made happier by your smile, by the mere sound of her name.

Never mind "getting." Give. You feel that you have nothing to give. Good. Then give the Master. Say to yourself: after all, I am a soul; I contain something of his life. I will pass that on to others. Perhaps they will not see it, know it. Never mind: they will feel it later because it will be his love, his well-wishing, that I shall have given.

You wish them well, do you not? That is sufficient. Wish a little harder, a little more consciously; and above all recognize that your well-wishing is a trickle, through you, of his infinite well-wishing, and be happy that you have so much to give. Most of your trouble arises from lack of self-confidence: not of confidence in yourself, but in yourself as part of himself. You are a centre of his life. You need to meditate on the miracle that you are, and on the daily, hourly miracles you can therefore perform.

Sincerely,
C. A. GRISCOM.

November 25th, 1915.

DEAR ——

* * * * * * * *

There is one specific comment I want to make on an early letter where you ask about helping the Master help the multitudes of poor and wretched people in the world.

"If you were alone on a desert island, and if your only outer occupation were picking yams, you could give endlessly to all the world. It is not propinquity that gives opportunity; it is your mere existence on this plane. But it is better to do what you do with a *particular* rather than a general intention,—asking the Master to use your effort for this or that purpose."

* * * * * * * *

With kindest regards, and best and sincerest wishes for your further progress towards the Place of Peace, I am

Faithfully yours,
C. A. GRISCOM.

November 27th, 1915.

DEAR ——

I am sorry to make one of my letters to you a scolding, but so it must be.

I very much appreciate your kind references to me, but you are not living up to what I have tried to suggest to you, in writing about yourself in the gloomy and depressing manner you do. It is the opposite of humility: it is a subtile form of vanity and pride; it is self-centred and morbid.

There *are* no trivial things in the inner life. You know this. Holiness is the doing of common things heroically well; not doing heroic things. There is nothing so insignificant as not to be worthy of careful thought and prayer. Where else would you expect to find yourself deficient save in a multitude of "little things"?

You are trying to become perfect. That means, among other things, your manners and your manner, every instant of the day; your inner attitude towards others, as well as your outer behaviour; the conscientiousness with which you do your ordinary duties; in a word, all the minutiæ of daily life.

Your desire to live a higher life is not going to make you perfect all at once; it is going to throw all these things into relief and to show you how badly you do them. That is not a cause for discouragement and depression, if rightly understood, but for satisfaction that your increased knowledge of yourself and your defects, will enable you to correct your faults and to live more nearly to the standard of your ideal.

You have, as a matter of fact, done very well, and I am pleased and proud of you,—save this last ebullition of vanity and lower nature.

Do not forget, also, that your failure would be my fault, and everything you say in condemnation of yourself, is a direct reflection upon me! I refuse to admit that I have been so inefficient and ineffective! It would be nearer the truth, perhaps, to regard yourself as being promoted.

With my best wishes,

I am sincerely,

C. A. Griscom.

February 13th, 1918.

Dear ——

There is no need to feel distressed. Why should a single article convert you to a new way of thinking? Old habits are not so easily overborne, and you cling pretty tenaciously to your opinions. So do I, so I can sympathize with you. But I do find that my mental obstinacy and prejudices wear away in time, and yours will too. I see the truth in many things now which I thought preposterous ten or twenty years ago. It is really not so much changing your opinion, as enlarging it: or, to put it in still another way, it is a question of seeing both sides of a question. Most people only see one side and are so occupied with that, that they miss the other side entirely.

Yours faithfully,

C. A. Griscom.

May 2nd, 1918.

Dear ——

. . . I wish you had obeyed your several impulses and written me. What am I for? But before I can hope to help, or even to sympathize, I must know about what you are talking and writing. Vague references to plans upon which you had set your heart do not help you, or me. What you need more than

anything else, is to get such ideas and plans and hopes and fears out, past the barrier of your shyness and natural reserve. Tell them to some one, whether they be good, bad or indifferent; but especially if you are a little ashamed of them. You will never see them clearly yourself, until they are in the sunlight. Remember we are all very much alike.

I shall be glad to talk over the matter, or to have you write me, if, and when, you feel so inclined.

Sincerely,
C. A. GRISCOM.

June 9th, 1918.

DEAR ——

I return a recent letter about which I had hoped to talk to you.

These intimations of the inner world are just exactly what do first happen as our lower nature gets under some kind of control and ceases to be a barrier, and as our higher nature breaks through to our consciousness. They happen, of course, long before we are conscious of them, and very much more often than we realize.

The Master works ceaselessly, and feverishly, if you like, but it is not often that we become aware of it. It is wholly a question of our condition. You can have a definite consciousness of him, and of his care and solicitude and love, at any instant of the day or night when you can raise yourself above your habitual level, to that plane of consciousness which is able to be "aware" of these inner activities. This is what meditation is, and does.

I hope to see you soon.

Yours faithfully,
C. A. GRISCOM.

October 16th, 1918.

DEAR ——

Continued effort over a period of weeks and months is inevitably followed by a reaction, under the influence of which we are very likely to do something which is entirely contrary to the spirit of the efforts we have been making, and which leads us to think that our efforts have been a failure. This is not true. No effort is a failure. All such an experience means, is that our efforts were not sufficient to overcome some of the more outstanding evil propensities of our nature. The thing to do is to hang on until we get the courage to undo the wrong act by confession and reparation.

So far as your friend is concerned, I see no reason why you should not invite her to ————, and then use your common sense as to how far to go. It never does any good to force a situation of that kind. On the other hand, there is no reason that I know of, why the natural and obvious thing should not be tried. With best wishes, I am,

Faithfully yours,
C. A. GRISCOM.

October 25th, 1918.

DEAR ———

If you find that confession is easy I think it must mean that it is incomplete. You either confess to the fact and not to the sentiment of your fault; or you make a private confession of a public fault; or do it in some other way that saves your pride. Seculars always confess in private; but religious are nearly always required to make public confession, usually at the full daily meeting in the chapter room of the monastery. Confession is, of course, an immense relief; but I do not think you are the type of person who would find it easy.

. . . Nor am I surprised that resentment and mental criticism should be your stumbling block. It is a dreadfully pernicious and subtle fault, as I know from experience. Its seat is self-love,—self-will; as is obvious enough if we analyse it. We resent treatment accorded our self only because we place such a high value on our self, and have such an exaggerated idea of what we are entitled to in the way of treatment. It is, obviously, the reverse of humility. I think, on the whole, that the most effective means to rid our minds of such thoughts is to tell them to the Master. Tell him all your criticisms and resentments; the way you have been treated, etc., etc. You will find that the trouble has a way of shrivelling up if you will do this; and you will begin to see things again in something approaching true perspective.

You should make it a rule never to think of what other people are thinking of you. The only opinion that concerns you is the Master's opinion.

You must not be morbid. If a failure leads to discouragement or morbidness, it is, again, self-love, and is weak. I do not like to think of you as weak. I would rather you were bad!

Yours sincerely,
C. A. GRISCOM.

Christ died for the world, to save it from the curse of death under which it is; not a future death of misery, but an actual death of worse than misery; a death which involves our liking that which is evil. . . . Sin truly is damnation, though to us it is pleasure. That sin is pleasure to us, surely is the evil part of our condition. . . . Christ saves us, not from suffering, but from death; not from pain, but from that which makes us flee from pain.—JAMES HINTON.

Life, like fire, is conserved only by communicating itself.—ALFRED FOUILLÉE.

T·S·ACTIVITIES

REPORT OF THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

On Saturday, April 29th, 1923, at 10:30 A.M., the Annual Convention of the T. S. was called to order by Mr. Charles Johnston, Chairman of the Executive Committee. At that hour the meeting place of the New York Branch, 64 Washington Mews, New York, was filled with delegates, members-at-large, and members of the New York Branch,—the day-time sessions being only for T. S. members. Mr. Johnston was nominated and duly elected as Temporary Chairman, and Miss Julia Chickering as Temporary Secretary. On motion, it was voted that the Chair appoint a Committee on Credentials. The Chairman indicated that the primary duty of this Committee was to determine the standing of the Branch which each delegate present represented,—it being a Convention of Branches represented by delegates. Hence he would appoint to this Committee,—Professor Henry Bedinger Mitchell, Treasurer of the Society, Miss Isabel E. Perkins, Secretary T. S., and Miss Martha E. Youngs, Assistant Treasurer.

Address of the Temporary Chairman

Mr. Johnston: While the Committee is attending to its task, it will be my great pleasure and privilege, as Temporary Chairman, to bid the Convention a very sincere welcome. As the years of The Theosophical Society multiply, the Conventions become more vital, more intense, more potent for the future. I happened to remember, as I was coming to the Convention this morning, a great Convention in India, in 1888, where many Oriental countries were represented, not only India, but also Ceylon, and Japan, besides many European races. I recalled also another Convention, one held in this city in 1897, when the flags of all nations were displayed and there was an uproar of enthusiasm. The condition has changed. Instead of surface extension, we are getting depth, power, force. One is led to consider this. The fiftieth year of the Society is approaching. A diploma signed last night showed that this is the sixth month of our forty-eighth year; and many of us, who have studied the history of the Society and the cycles of its history, are inclined to look at the present with special care and special vigilance, because it represents the approach to one of those cyclic points. Some members will remember that just twenty-five years ago there was a very vital and decisive Convention in Chicago—a great divide in a most literal sense. That was before the Society had completed its twenty-fifth year, but it marked a period of intensive preparation, of trial, of testing, of stress, which The Theosophical Society went through for two years before the twenty-five year point was reached. Therefore if we are inclined to believe, as many of us are, that the fifty-year point of the Society will be not less vital and not less decisive than the twenty-five year point, we shall also be strongly inclined to believe that the year or two before that anniversary will be a time of preparation, of great potentiality, a time when the seeds, let us say, of the new twenty-five year period will be germinating.

That is the thought which I wish to offer for the consideration of the Convention. During the period twenty-five years ago, those of us who remember it vividly will recall the darkness, the depression, the obscurity,—and yet the inward light, intensely shining. While there is no reason to suppose that the present two years will be characterized by darkness or depression, they will not, for that reason, be less vital or less full of potentiality for the future. And we shall perhaps be wise to look on this Convention as an opportunity to gain light, inspiration, balance, wisdom, force, intensity, and enthusiasm for that eighteen month period of transition, of germination, which will extend from now until we reach our fiftieth birthday. The result

will depend enormously on the individual attainment, individual effort, individual aspiration, wisdom, force, power, devotion, selflessness of each member of The Theosophical Society. The opportunity, therefore, is tremendous; the responsibility is equally great; and I ask that we use this Convention to strengthen our sense of responsibility and to realize more fully the splendour of our opportunity.

Report of the Committee on Credentials

Professor Mitchell: Your Committee begs to report that 19 Branches are represented, entitled to cast 93 votes, and representative of a much larger number of members. These branches are:

Altagracia de Orituco, Venezuela
Aussig, Aussig, Czecho-Slovakia
Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio
Hope, Providence, Rhode Island
Indianapolis, Indianapolis, Indiana
W. Q. Judge, Gateshead, England
Karma, Kristiania, Norway
Krishna, South Shields, England
Middletown, Middletown, Ohio
Newcastle, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England
New York, New York
Norfolk, Norfolk, England
Pacific, Los Angeles, California
Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Sravakas, Salamanca, New York
Toronto, Toronto, Canada
Venezuela, Caracas, Venezuela
Virya, Denver, Colorado
Whitley Bay, Whitley Bay, England

It was moved, seconded and carried that the Report of the Committee on Credentials be received, placed on file, and the Committee discharged with thanks. The standing of delegates and proxies now being determined, the Chair called for nominations for the permanent officers of the Convention. The following were duly nominated and elected: Permanent Chairman, Professor Mitchell; Permanent Secretary, Miss Perkins; Assistant Secretary, Miss Chickering. A vote of thanks to the Temporary Chairman was then passed.

Address of the Permanent Chairman

The Chairman: Once again you permit me to serve as your Chairman; once again I have to thank you for a privilege which old memories have made as dear to my affections as it is honourable in my esteem; once again, therefore, it is my function to add my words of welcome to those with which Mr. Johnston greets us; it is again mine to welcome the members and delegates of The Theosophical Society to its annual Convention,—to welcome you *home*.

For this *is* home. Here we come, once a year, from our distant outposts, from strangers in the strange land called the world, to meet our brothers in our Father's house,—the house our Elder Brothers have prepared for him, and us. Here, at least for a day, we may speak and hear our native language, understand and know that we are understood. Here we may lay aside that galling watch and guard on eye and voice, which the world compels, and open our hearts unabashed; speak our thought simply, as it rises in our mind. Here what is most intimate is most fully shared and comprehended, for here we are at home; and these Conventions of The Theosophical Society are very particularly and strictly family affairs.

If there be any one here to-day who does not feel that this is so, who feels at home rather in the world than in this atmosphere, then I think he has come here under some wrong impression. I know of no brotherhood which is so free and so open as is ours—the nucleus of a universal brotherhood. We welcome all who wish to come. We ask them only one question, and all who will answer it are free of our fellowship. But that question is precisely this searching one of their recognition of the brotherhood that binds us,—their recognition of the blood-tie of the soul. If they have no feeling or consciousness of this, then they are foolish to come here. We are sorry but they have no value for what we have to give, for the best we have to offer is contained in that one word *home*. Here the soul is at home.

"Where the heart is, there the muses, there the gods sojourn." "That country is the fairest which is inhabited by the noblest minds." The muses, the gods, are here,—for here are our

hearts and their hearts. Here is our homeland, made fair by the nobility of those who have inhabited it.

I wonder if we are all conscious of our great family, visible and invisible, gathered round us,—the comrades of the present and the helpers of the past,—for all are here. Here are focussed the life, the endeavour, the thought, the force, the spirit of all who love Theosophy; of all who, at any time, in any race, serving that which they loved, poured out their life into it, and so merged their lives with its life, so that they live for ever in it, with its immortality. Live for ever! There comes to my mind an echo of that splendid story of the war,—"Arise, ye Dead!" We all know it: that last wounded soldier in the French trench, who rose, calling to his dead fellows to rise once again to repel the attack. And yet, though I think of it now, it is not pertinent in the way it might at first appear. For here there are no dead, but the living. Once life is poured forth, once it commingles with this great stream of life which is the Theosophical Movement, once it claims its heritage as the soul, the illusion of death ceases. And it is not we who call to our dead to arise and help us in our combat; it is they who call to us. We can hear their call here. It resounds in every silence. We can hear it clearly: "Arise, ye Dead!" But it is we who must arise,—arise from the death of our material lives, from the corruption of our tomb, lay aside our grave clothes, take the bandage from our eyes, and stand clear-eyed as they, the immortals, our great brothers of the past, those who have built this house of life in which we meet, those whose spirit lives here and speaks to us to-day. It is their call we hear. We do not need to call to them.

As I listened to Mr. Johnston's review of our recent history and of the cycles through which our Movement has passed, I was reminded of the opening lines of Emerson's Essay on History: "There is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same and to all of the same. He that is once admitted to the right of reason is made a freeman of the whole estate. What Plato has thought he may think; what a saint has felt he may feel; what at any time has befallen any man, he can understand. Who hath access to this universal mind is a party to all that is or can be done, for this is the only and sovereign agent. Of the works of this mind, history is the record." That mind is Theosophy, the mind of God and the wisdom of God. It is that mind we seek to know,—recognizing the dimness of our vision, the smallness of our capacity, yet earnestly seeking to understand, and most earnestly striving to follow its will for us, and to live by what we learn. It is of that mind we are the servants, the agents, if we will be, and so co-workers with it in the history of the world.

As the light of that lamp upon the table passes first through a globe we can hold in our hands, and then radiates out in ever widening spheres beyond the reach and scope of any human measurement, so with the works of this universal mind. At their inception, close to their origin, we can compass them; for their infinite inspiration and quickening power radiate from simple spiritual principles as from a point in space. They flood and fill first the minds and hearts of those who understand and serve them, as the light of the lamp fills its globe, and the room in which it is, before passing through the door and windows to the outer world. So Theosophy enacts its works, so history is written, first in The Theosophical Society and Movement. Here in the Society we see its works in miniature, on such a scale that we can grasp their interrelation and unity. In the world we see them expanded, thrown on a gigantic screen. Here we lay our hand on principles, on causes. There we see their effects,—and in these effects, the significance and infinite potency of the causes that produce them.

As we look out into the world to-day, what is it that we see? Confusion, turmoil, ruin, tyranny. Tyranny under the guise of freedom. And perhaps nothing can be of more moment to us than to strive really to understand this tragic paradox that the world presents,—that at a time when freedom is universally acclaimed as the rightful heritage of all men, at a time when it has been made to appear to them as their highest good, they have substituted for it a tyranny as binding and as crushing as the world has ever known. Yet important as it is, we cannot pause to dwell upon it now and I desire to note only one aspect of it. What we see thus written large in the world we may also find verified within the limits of our own immediate experience, and in recognizing the motives that make for evil and tyranny in ourselves we can learn the causes of the evil and tyranny in the world. When we desire that our own will may

be done, when freedom means to us freedom to follow what we ourselves desire or propose, when self-will over-rides principle and law, then chaos and turmoil reign in our minds, and under the name of freedom we experience the tyranny of self.

Little by little the evidence accumulates that the world is itself coming to see that it has mistaken the nature of freedom. Book after book has come to my attention recently dealing with one central theme,—that all government by the will of man is tyranny. It matters not whether it is the government, the imposed will, of a king or emperor or aristocracy,—though these must of necessity be better than what the world has to-day substituted for them—the imposed will of the crowd, of the "proletariat," of the unintelligent, the unfit, the incapable. So long as it is the imposition of the human will, acting in and of and from itself alone, it is tyranny.

Whatever mistakes this country of ours (America) may have made, and it has made many; whatever may be the absurdities of its declaration of independence—that all men are born free and equal, when no one is born free and no two are born equal; its founders had at least one true perception,—that the only just government, the only *free* government, must be a government of law; a government of principles not of men.

That is the perception which the world needs to-day. It is the great lesson which the world as a whole, and which we as individuals need to learn. There is but one freedom, the freedom of obedience. There is no free or just government which is not government by divine right. There is but one power in all the universe that can rightly impose its authority on another, and that is the power and the authority of the universal mind,—Theosophy, the mind, the wisdom of God,—and its laws.

It is that we may know these laws better that we are members of The Theosophical Society. It is that we may make them known more widely and more truly that we devote our lives. It is to further them that we meet here to-day. And so, in the name of that high purpose, I open this Convention of The Theosophical Society, and ask that we shall proceed with our appointed business.

It was now moved, seconded and voted that the Chair appoint the usual standing Committees. The Chairman stated that his appointments would be announced a little later, and called for the reports of officers, beginning with that of the Executive Committee.

Report of the Executive Committee

Mr. Johnston: The first principle regarding the Executive Committee is the principle of continuity. We realized, many years ago, that we were at one time electing and constituting the Executive Committee in a way which left a chasm of discontinuity in every Convention. That is, after the Committee reported, it ceased, for the time being, to exist, and at the close of the Convention a new Committee was elected or the members were re-elected. The present system under which only one third of the Committee goes out of office each year, provides that two thirds shall remain in office, and therefore that we get an unbroken continuity throughout the administration of The Theosophical Society, just as we should have, and as I hope we have, an unbroken spiritual continuity in the inner life of the Society.

If the destinies are propitious, if all has gone with harmony, without dislocations, without movements of disturbance from within or without, then it is the fortunate duty of the Committee to report through its chairman that there is no history to record for the year. Nobody has been blown up; no one has been mortally wounded; no one has starved to death. Therefore in that sense the less history we have the better the Society is doing. And there is a deeper view that I am going to ask you to take of this. Two great Conventions were mentioned a few minutes ago. One was in India in 1888, preceding by no great period a rather vital disturbance in the Society. Another was held in 1897, when the flags of all nations were displayed and we had a kind of League of Nations. It immediately preceded an explosion and a very violent explosion. Therefore the antithesis is very marked. Instead of a display of fire works we have a quietude and a display of force which is much less vulnerable. Remember, the Society has not made the progress which our Chairman outlined without arousing the forces of opposition, of darkness, of destruction. These chaotic upheavals have been proof

of that. Where there are seeds of discord, of discontinuity, cleavages in the armor, that is the opportunity of the force that opposes, that forever denies all that struggles into spiritual life. Therefore, if we find ourselves to-day in a period of quietude, of serenity, of intense inner life, we should offer our devout thanks to all the divine powers, because it means that we are more potent for our work on the one hand, and on the other that we are less exposed to the powers that constantly seek to destroy us. So we have something more than a record of the fact that we have no history, in the sense of disaster, to record. We have to record a very definite and vital and potentially promising fact. We have that serenity, that depth, which will gain life at the same time that it may guard us from danger.

It was suggested that other members of the Executive Committee might wish to report on points which had interested them, or had passed through their hands, and that perhaps Mr. Hargrove would be willing to say something about the situation in Germany.

MR. HARGROVE: I said what little I have to say on that subject, in a recent letter to one of the German members, which I asked him to be good enough to pass on to others. I have no copy of that letter with me. Perhaps, however, in the Report of our proceedings, an extract from that letter may be included at this point [as follows]:

"I want you, please, to tell the other members in Berlin that we have received several letters from them asking why it is that a charter has not yet been granted for a Berlin or German Branch, and also asking why it is that the Executive Committee has not yet replied to these various applications. I want you to tell your fellow members that if they will try to imagine the reasons for this delay and for this silence, I think they may be able to solve the problem for themselves. They cannot be so foolish as to imagine that the silence is due to indifference, or to any unkind motive. What they will discover, I believe, is that the members of the Executive Committee necessarily foresaw that the German members as a whole would have to be subjected to another real test of their ability to recognize the theosophical principles underlying a situation somewhat similar to the situation which existed in August, 1914. It certainly did not require any clairvoyant or unusual faculty to foresee that the German members must again inevitably be subjected to such a test,—certainly not subjected to it by the Executive Committee! but by great Karma itself, which is only another way of saying, by the combined wisdom and power of the Lodge, and by those still greater Powers which the Lodge represents on earth.

"The test has now come. France has occupied the Ruhr basin. What is the attitude and feeling of each German member? Is it a right feeling or is it a wrong feeling? Is this feeling based upon right understanding, or upon a misunderstanding of spiritual law? I am not asking these questions for the purpose of obtaining answers. I am suggesting that each German member should examine himself in the light of his experience in 1914. Whatever the true answer may be, the facts will develop in the course of time, because all hidden things will be revealed in the course of time,—revealed by the members themselves, by their own actions.

"This is the reason why so many letters, and so many questions about a charter for a German or Berlin Branch, have not been answered. We are still waiting. It is not for us to decide. It is for the German members themselves to decide. This does not mean that it is for the German members to announce: Now the time has come! Further delay would be unjust! It means that the German members will decide the fate of Theosophy in Germany, and perhaps the fate of Germany itself,—not because of their decisions or opinions or protests, but because of what they reveal themselves *to be*.

"I have sincere sympathy with all your questions, and am sorry that I must answer them so briefly.

"It is true of nations as of individuals, that when great sins have been committed, there must be a return to ordinary standards of decency before there can be any thought of the heights of discipleship. If either man or nation has sinned, there must be a genuine desire for reparation before it can be said that there is any real change in character or in tendency. I do not believe that any door is ever completely closed; I do not believe that either man or nation is doomed to annihilation,—that is, so long as 'time' still exists. The phrase used in

'Notes and Comments,' October, 1918, 'sentence of damnation,' was not used in the theological sense, but instead, in the sense in which one might say that a hopeless drunkard is 'doomed' to sink into the gutter. In other words, I agree with you absolutely when you say that '*every possible spiritual effort* on the part of the German members . . . ought to be made, in order to save whatever can be saved of the German nation.' Personally, I should go further than that, because I believe that the fate of Germany and of the German nation is in the hands of the German T. S. members to an almost incredible extent."

There are things on a different subject that I want to say, and it would not be your wish that I should attempt to sugar-coat them. While the truth necessarily is in itself sweet, I do not believe that it is always advisable, even if one were capable of doing so, to represent it with that flavour. In years past, it has been almost necessary to represent certain phases of the truth in a light made as attractive as possible, because for beginners in the work, if the truth were represented otherwise, repulsion instead of attraction would result. Children, after all, need an allowance of sugar with their diet; but little by little, as people grow up, they are supposed to think less of sugar or of the taste of sugar for its own sake, and to desire it, if at all, merely as an element in their diet.

Mr. Johnston has reported for the Committee, and has already intimated indirectly that whatever concerns the soul of man, whatever affects the soul of man, necessarily must concern us, must concern The Theosophical Society, must concern your Executive Committee,—and there are few things that do not affect the soul of man. Let us look briefly at some of the more obvious things: there is the whole field of art, the whole world of science, the development of nations, methods of government, the domains of literature, music, religion—all of these things vitally concern us, because all of them are means used by the spiritual world, by the Logos itself, to bring about the growth of the human soul. And therefore at these annual Conventions of the Society it would seem fitting—and I believe that as the years pass more and more attention will be paid to these things—it would seem fitting briefly to review the developments that have taken place during the preceding year under these different heads. I hope that at future Conventions it will be attempted.

Mr. Johnston suggested that we are approaching the close of a cycle, the beginning of a new cycle. He suggested that the seed of the future has already been sown. I am inclined to believe that the future of the individual member is going to be settled at this Convention. The future of the individual member, at the Convention in Chicago in 1898, was settled at least two years before that Convention met. We shall see. In any case the main question is whether the individual member is going to permit himself to be weaned. A weaning process has to take place,—a weaning, of course, from self, fundamentally, but a weaning also from some of our pet illusions.

Take religion—and I speak of this particularly because The Theosophical Society during the last ten years has become more and more active, through its members, in the field of Christianity; more and more work has been done in various Churches. And what has not always been understood is this: that Theosophy represents an esoteric interpretation of exoteric religion. There are stages always. There is the esoteric interpretation of Theosophy itself; the deeper truths. But in relation to the outside world, in relation to exoteric religion, Theosophy itself is profoundly esoteric; and if the individual member of the Society, the student of Theosophy, were to allow himself to be swamped by a purely exoteric interpretation of religion, he would be a traitor to the cause of the Masters. It is very important that we should realize that law is universal, and that once we recognize a law as a law, it must apply of necessity to every department of life. It seems to me that one of the laws which we ought to have recognized is that there are certain stages of growth which repeat themselves further on in a different way; or, to express it differently, that you may have a condition in infancy which is entirely normal and healthy; that infancy has to be outgrown, or ought to be, and that what is right for infancy is wrong for maturity, but may become right again at some future stage. Let me illustrate by speaking of ritual, of ceremony. You will find among savage tribes a complete dependence upon ritual and ceremony, a proper dependence; but that

stage has to be outgrown and a condition has to be reached at which there is supreme indifference to, utter detachment from, ritual and ceremony. That is the intermediate step, a stage in growth. It is not a finality. Nothing is final in growth. Beyond that step you have a third step. The infant stage having been outgrown; complete detachment having been attained, you must now acquire the ability to use ritual and ceremony as a means to an end,—the ends of the soul itself, the ends of the Lodge.

Those stages are not always passed through healthily. If you stop to think about it, there are very few human beings who pass through any stages without abnormal processes intervening! And you often find that those who are in a transition state are entirely negative, that their growth is negative; and therefore, instead of detachment, you sometimes find repulsion from ceremony and detestation of ritual. Now detestation is the opposite of detachment; it is a negative form of attachment. I speak of this merely by way of illustration. Ceremony, ritual, outer observance, in the infant stage, is a prop, a necessity. Then the soul has to learn that it can get along without any of those things; that they are not necessary. It becomes detached. Thirdly, there is the stage when such things can be used effectively. So it is with every doctrine under the sun. So it is with the exoteric teaching of Christianity.

Tragic would it be if a student of Theosophy—accepting things literally which may be "true" for certain people at certain stages of development—were to think of the great Master Christ as a man in a down-and-out Mission might properly think of that Master. I am afraid that here or there, even among students of Theosophy, there are many illusions. How would it be, for instance, if a student of Theosophy were to think of himself as walking up Fifth Avenue, hand in hand with a Mahatma! Yet there are some who have created that kind of an illusion for themselves because it is a pleasing illusion. If you think of a man in a down-and-out Mission, who, spiritually speaking, is a babe in arms,—if you think of that man really turning at last from death to life, from bestiality to spirituality, you could believe that all the kingdoms of heaven would wish to help him, and under divine law might be permitted to do things for him—for that babe in arms—which it would be impossible to do for an adult. But think of your own experience—think of a nursery; think of a father, of a mother. The father presumably has other things to do besides dandle the baby. Even the mother occasionally may have other things to do; and therefore, when it is possible, they employ trustworthy servants, and at times leave the care of the baby to some servant. Are we inclined to leave out all intermediate grades between the Masters and ourselves? Do we wish to remain perpetually in the condition of babies being dandled? We cannot remain for ever in that condition, even if we wish to do so, because the boy of twenty who still insists upon wearing a bib and going around in petticoats has to be cared for by the State, has to be looked after not by nurses, but in a straight-jacket. And so it is in the spiritual sense, in the Theosophical sense. In other words, if we could permit ourselves as students of Theosophy to become so confused, and so to belittle Theosophy itself as to imagine that what is true for a man in a down-and-out Mission, ought perpetually to be true for ourselves also,—we should thereby betray the cause of Theosophy and betray the Masters.

Madame Blavatsky, as you know, brought to the western world a knowledge of Masters. Knowledge of Masters had always existed, even in the western world, but only among the very few. She proclaimed their existence to the many and thereby gathered around herself all sorts of people, mostly curiosity hunters. One of the first things that happened was that Masters were inundated with appeals for souvenirs! People wanted precipitated letters; wanted advice about money matters; were having domestic troubles and wanted to be saved from the results of their own acts. So Masters complained at last that they had been compelled to surround themselves with an aura of defence, or astral "stone wall," so as to protect themselves from this everlasting importunity. H. P. B. gave notice accordingly. What was the mistake that had been made by those students of Theosophy? They had tried to drag Masters down to their own level; they had not tried to lift themselves to the plane of the Masters. And my hypothetical student of Theosophy travelling up Fifth Avenue hand in hand with a Mahatma, is doing the same thing. Masters do not lend themselves to that kind of self-indulgence. If anyone supposes Masters are going to engage his servants for

him, he is mistaken; and there are many other plain, everyday duties which have to be performed by the individual himself, performed as duties and performed by himself, though with all the help that he can get from his own soul and from the Lodge. And he will get all the help he needs if he will perform those duties for the benefit of the Lodge, and as an obligation that he owes himself. But can he expect angels to wait upon him, so he can do these tasks of daily life without effort?

Let us not blink the facts; many of us are working for the Church, but there is hardly a Church on the face of the earth that is not in the last stage of decrepitude, a disgrace to the Masters; and yet there are students of Theosophy who think of their Church as if it were an eternal reality. It is my belief that the Lodge has considered, many and many a time, whether it would not be necessary to wipe the Churches off the face of the globe,—whether there was anything left there to save. Once in a while the QUARTERLY receives questions such as: Why do you make so much of the Roman Catholic Church? If they only knew the ingenuity that it takes to find the good in that Church! And I say exactly the same thing of the Protestant Churches. It would be tragic beyond words if after all the instruction we have received, all the help we have been given, we were to lose our sense of perspective, of proportion, when it comes to such elementary facts as these.

So we have to wean ourselves, if that still be necessary, from some of our illusions; and of course, every one of us is in need of being weaned from some illusion. Let us hope, however, that there are not many of us who need to be weaned from such illusions as I have been speaking of. It has often been necessary for some of us to address a gathering of infants in arms, and to speak accordingly; but, as our Chairman said, at these meetings of The Theosophical Society we do not proceed on that basis at all. We proceed on the basis that in so far as it lies in our power to do so, we wish to speak the truth as we see it, and not only wish to speak the truth as we see it, but strive to speak it. What is it all about, if not about chelaship? What is The Theosophical Society for, if not for chelaship? I know that in years past there have been members of The Theosophical Society who have said: I am not interested in chelaship; I do not want it; I am interested in reincarnation and Karma, and I like to talk about reincarnation and Karma. Well, there is room for such members in The Theosophical Society, of course,—room for all kinds and conditions of people in The Theosophical Society. But speaking as an individual member, and for the moment forgetting my representative capacity as a member of the Executive Committee, it seems to me that the real purpose of The Theosophical Society is to uplift the banner of the Lodge, to move that banner forward into the world; and that what we are asked to do at this Convention, the appeal that is made at this Convention, is to move forward with that banner of the Lodge. What does that mean? If it does not mean chelaship, it means nothing. It does not mean that we are called upon to proclaim from the housetops something about reincarnation and Karma and the seven principles of man. The Lodge does not care in the least whether the average person believes in those things or not,—because the Lodge knows that mere belief in those things is not going to alter a person's will in the slightest degree, or his life in the slightest degree, of necessity. No; it means chelaship; it means growing up. It means, in effect, leaving infancy, leaving the bottle-fed and the spoon-fed stage, and finally reaching that point at which a child takes a knife and fork in his own hands and feeds himself. He has got to learn to do it, and if, every time he tries, he begins to weep and says he cannot hold his knife and fork and does not know how, I assume that his mother finally says: Don't eat anything at all; go without until you learn, —and that she says this, not from impatience, but from true consideration and love.

What really concerns us is the problem of chelaship; and if there are illusions anywhere, there are illusions under that head. The word has been sugar-coated, has been softened—oh yes, of necessity—and we no longer speak of chelaship so much as of discipleship; and most people try to persuade themselves that there is a distinction without a difference. Yet what do you read in *Letters That Have Helped Me*, in that concluding chapter by Mr. Judge? Is Paradise just around the corner? Are the Masters on their knees to you, begging you to do this, that and the other thing, and to accept of their graces? Nothing of the kind! What is said is: If you want it, take it; but if you want it, realize that you will have to go after it with

everything that you are, with everything that you have; that absolutely nothing may be held back; you may have to wait ten incarnations before you hear a whisper from the Lodge; and unless you can do it in that spirit, you may as well stay where you belong. You cannot talk that way in a Mission for down-and-out drunkards, because it would not be true for down-and-out drunkards. You are not trying to turn those men into chelas,—at least I hope not. Some people try to turn their tame canaries into chelas, but that only means that they do not understand chelaship. We have got to revive the older idea, the older truth. Intermediate stages are necessary; transition states are inevitable; but we now should have the ability to read the earlier literature with understanding. Let us remember this: at the time those things were written, there were not, I suppose, as many as three members in the Society who understood a word of it. Such things were mysteries, were unintelligible,—the proof of which is that out of all the membership of those earlier days—those very early days—you know how many remain.

Why was it that the Masters had to put up that wall to protect themselves? It was because, as I have said, individuals were trying to drag the Masters down to them, instead of trying to lift themselves to the plane of the Masters. But what does that mean? Conscientious students of Theosophy have tried to lift themselves by their shoe straps, as it were, to a state of blankness, and have believed that if they can make themselves sufficiently blank they will, in some way or other, have shifted their own level of consciousness to the level of the Masters. What it must mean, it seems to me, and will seem to you, is that to lift ourselves to the level of Masters is to be concerned about the things which they concern themselves about. Instead of being so interested in totally unimportant things, in trivialities and child's play, we have to become interested in real things, in the things of the eternal; and the things of the eternal are not vague and abstract things. They are intensely concrete and real. If a man's soul is at stake, is not that a reality? And so we can test ourselves by finding out whether we are chiefly interested in things which affect the souls of men.

Let me go back to my illustration of the servant. When it comes to hiring servants, I do not see that it makes such a lot of difference to the soul whether you happen to get a good one or a bad one. It may be much better for your soul to get a thoroughly bad one. It may help you to acquire patience, discretion, and so forth. Why should the Lodge exert itself to pick out a good servant for you or for me? Better to get a bad one, perhaps, if you see the thing in terms of the soul rather than in terms of personal comfort and satisfaction. What it means is that we have to rid ourselves of this everlasting habit of balancing the agreeable and the disagreeable. It does not matter whether we have a pain or not. If there is work that we ought to do, then pain is a means to that end, and not an obstacle. Think of H. P. Blavatsky. A book was written about her by a Russian, a cur, and the worst "friend" she ever had. But what does he admit—even that scoundrel? He says that when writing the *Secret Doctrine*, and when two or three doctors had declared her at the point of death, she would tear herself out of bed in mortal anguish (his own word), and would write for six hours on end. Her pain was a means and not an obstacle; and until we, in our turn, learn to adopt that same attitude toward all the things of the personality, we may as well understand at once that we are only playing with chelaship, only playing with the Lodge; that we are treating the Lodge itself as yet another toy.

We shall have other opportunities in the course of the day, perhaps, to discuss these problems, and perhaps to counterbalance some of the aspects of the question which I have tried to present. It is almost impossible for any one speaker to present more than one side of the truth; and that, of course, is one reason why the Conventions and Branch meetings are held: that we may put together various portions of the truth and in that way strive to bring together the whole.

I said with deep belief that it is at this Convention that the individual member is going to decide—whether he be conscious of it or not—what action he is going to take, which way he is going, two or three years from now. We are responsible to the Lodge, responsible not only to those whom we hear of, and may know of, as Masters, but to all others in the Lodge. And the Lodge is not in some spot on earth and nowhere else, is not in some spot in the spiritual

world and nowhere else. I so often wish that newer members were more familiar than they are with the earlier literature of the Movement. If they were, they would have read, for instance, of those centres on the earth's surface which correspond to certain centres in man, and that one of the functions of those who are of the Lodge is to keep alive here, there and elsewhere those ancient fires, lit ages ago, that the souls of men may feel and remember when their day dawns. So it is that, apparently wandering over the face of the earth, here to-day, elsewhere tomorrow, are those messengers of divinity, men like ourselves, working in ways unseen but vital, for the salvation of the race. The Lodge is visible as well as invisible; and if we would serve the Lodge, as we do in our hearts desire to serve the Lodge, we must learn at last to see life in those same terms—not merely as matter to be turned from, not merely as evil to be shunned. That is not the way to understand life. We must learn to see it and to use it as a window into the invisible. We have to see things at last as the Lodge sees things. It is the tendency to-day, as all of us know, to see things in a gross and material sense; to take that which in itself is spiritual and to turn it into corruption or into folly. Modern music, modern painting, are examples of that lunatic tendency in man. How do we see life? How do we see our own environment? How do we see our difficulties, our temptations, our trials? Let me use an illustration from art itself. You know the paintings of Turner, of Claude Lorraine. Do we see life in those terms? Do we see life as radiant? Do we see the invisible through the visible? Or do we see life either as dull and stagnant, or as some poor, mad cubist sees it—a whirling chaos?

The Chairman, after referring to Mr. Hargrove's address, announced the appointment of the following standing committees:

Committee on Nominations
Mr. Charles Johnston, *Chairman*
Mrs. Edith G. Armstrong
Miss Celia Richmond

Committee on Letters of Greeting
Dr. Archibald Keightley, *Chairman*
Dr. C. C. Clark
Miss A. F. Hascall

Committee on Resolutions
Mr. E. T. Hargrove, *Chairman*
Dr. T. L. Stedman
Miss Theodora Dodge

Report of the Secretary T. S. for the Year Ending April 28th, 1923

A Report on the work of the year could easily be compiled in statistical form; or we could present a set of cards, one for each member, on which is recorded every letter (other than routine orders and notifications) received during the year. Some cards are quite blank; others have many entries. But surely we need not conclude that work is not being done for the Society, simply because members have not written to the Secretary. The Branch Reports and the correspondence of the year clearly indicate that greater solidarity is being sought throughout the Society. This is shown in many different ways. For example, in the extent to which different Branches are using for their meetings material found in the Quarterly. Those of us who live in English-speaking countries have little notion of the devoted effort made by certain members in Europe and in South America to render the magazine available for their fellows. They carefully parcel out the laborious work of translation, exchange their product, and then study together and compare views. It would not be fair to speak only of the effort to make the best intellectual use of our magazine and our books. The reports show, in a marked degree, a deepening sense of responsibility for the truths entrusted to us as T. S. members. There is a feeling of obligation to make them part and parcel of everyday life, in loyalty both to those great ones who have gone before and to those who come after us and who will perforce inherit from us. The growing attention to Study Classes is also significant, as is the tendency to start new work with a Study Class instead of risking the premature organization of a Branch.

Another means of "keeping step" has been discovered by many Branches, in their use of the fortnightly notes on the New York Branch meetings. In some places the notes are used

as material for discussion at public meetings; in others as an outline for the work of Study Classes; in others as a means of uniting a scattered membership in some common activity and thought. Branch Secretaries are gladly undertaking the work of manifolding the notes for their distant members; others are providing copies for their loan library. Many letters have been received which indicate that this focussing of thought and attention on a particular set of topics has been found genuinely helpful; and that it has encouraged contributions on these topics from local Branch members. In the beginning it was promised that all questions sent in would be answered. At the time, it might have sounded like a perilous opening of the door to a flood of inquiries, but very few questions have come: they would still be welcome!

Outsiders often ask, "Who is your President?" How many members could answer? Not so long ago this question was raised among a number of members who happened to be together. Various names were advanced. Yet the fact is that such an office does not exist in the Society. The Executive Committee, with its six members (plus the Treasurer, *ex officio*), has the responsibilities that usually devolve upon a president. These points, and others which all Branches would wish to understand, are clearly set forth in the Constitution and By-Laws, a copy of which will be sent to any member, upon request.

A significant feature of the year's correspondence has been the number of strangers who have been attracted to Theosophy through coming upon the QUARTERLY, as if by chance, in some library. The series of articles of which such inquirers generally write is Mr. Griscom's "Letters to Students." So his work still goes on, not only in the hearts of those who knew him, but also in the lives of many who delight in the inimitable directness and loving insight which speak through his letters. Yet only those who lived close to him could appreciate the difficult outer conditions—strain, continuous ill-health, high-pressure daily routine—from the midst of which these letters sprang, with their characteristic poise and their note of joyous trust. Thanks to the continuance of the Propaganda Fund, it is now possible to put the QUARTERLY into all the public libraries that ask for it—and there are many where the magazine is regularly received and genuinely appreciated.

A word about our Secretary Emeritus, Mrs. Gregg: She is able to write few letters, and has been obliged, with advancing years, to lay aside all her accustomed work for the Society, though she is still very glad to see her friends. There are days full of pain, and there are days when she is quite comfortable—but through them all the T. S. is always closest to her heart.

Many New York members have generously helped in the routine of the Secretary's office. The magazine envelopes have been addressed by Mrs. Helle, Mrs. Vaile, Miss Graves, and Miss Goss. Other details are in the hands of Miss Youngs, Miss Lewis, and Miss Wood. We are immensely indebted to a member of the Society who provided funds, not included in the Treasurer's Report, for the employment of assistance in correspondence and in other work for which no volunteers were available.

What, it is sometimes asked, *can* a member-at-large do for the Movement, alone, and away from Headquarters? A personal reply is sometimes difficult, because the qualifications and aptitudes of the inquirer are not known. There is one general answer—he can *be a light*. The light may be a very tiny one, but if it burn steadily and brightly, who knows what storm-tossed traveler may be sent to find shelter and a new start on the journey. That rests with the higher powers, while the keeping of the light rests with each isolated member. He has to get from within himself enthusiasm, the desire to make his Theosophy contagious, and the steady drive to keep him day by day at his appointed post. He cannot hope to do this unless he asks himself frequently—What does the Lodge want me to do? What was I put here to do? It is safe to say that every live Branch of the T. S. owes its existence to just such pioneer work. How else are we to construct that building which the next Messenger ought to find awaiting his use? Can it be built by occasional fleeting thoughts given to Theosophy, or by idly wishing for companions in Theosophy? The Great Companions have given us too much not to require more than that of every single one of us.

Respectfully submitted,

ISABEL E. PERKINS,
Secretary T. S.

It was moved and seconded that the report of the Secretary be accepted with thanks—thanks not only to our Secretary but to all those whose help she so generously and completely acknowledges. Carried.

MR. HARGROVE: This, as we know, is the only Society which has a right to the title, "The Theosophical Society," as founded by H. P. Blavatsky in 1875.

I should like, incidentally, to call attention to the fact that no member of the Society receives any sort of pecuniary reward for any work done for it, directly or indirectly. I happen to know something of other societies calling themselves Theosophical, and I am sorry to say that in every case, so far as I am aware, the most important people in them are in some way or other supported by their writings for Theosophy, or by their speeches for Theosophy, charging admission to their lectures; or they receive salaries for the work which they do. As I understand it, the one employee, referred to in our Secretary's Report, is a stenographer who is not a member of the Society. No other individual who works for The Theosophical Society or for the QUARTERLY in any way derives financial benefit from his work or from his membership. I think that is a splendid situation.

PROFESSOR MITCHELL: Perhaps our Secretary Emeritus is very much in our minds. We miss her presence here to-day, those of us who recall how gladly we welcomed it throughout the past. I should not like the Secretary's report to be passed over without some further reference to Mrs. Gregg. Sometimes we have sent her from the Convention a bunch of flowers. I do not know whether such would be your pleasure to-day. (It was moved and seconded that this be done, and unanimously carried.)

As the next business was the report of the Treasurer, Professor Mitchell requested Mr. Johnston to take the Chair.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER

PROFESSOR MITCHELL: First of all, the Treasurer should, I think, express his own thanks to the Assistant Treasurer who, throughout the year, has done all the labour which attaches to that office, so that the Treasurer has only had the privilege of answering certain letters which came in with the dues. The keeping of the dues, depositing of cheques, paying of bills, have all been carried out by Miss Youngs, as Assistant. It is her tabulation, checked by the books here on the Chairman's table, which I beg to present to you to-day.

APRIL 28, 1922—APRIL 27, 1923

Receipts		*Disbursements*	
Current dues	$527.52	Pension	$240.00
General contributions	1182.67	Printing and mailing the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY (5 numbers)	3101.66
Propaganda Fund	962.50	Postage	66.54
Subscriptions and donations to the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY	736.65	Stationery and Supplies	24.24
	$3409.34	Miscellaneous	4.23
1924 Dues prepaid	104.00		$3436.67
	$3513.34	Balance April 27, 1923	1624.54
Balance April 27, 1922	1547.87		$5061.21
	$5061.21		

Assets		*Liabilities*	
On deposit Corn Exchange Bank, April 27, 1923	$1624.54	1924 Dues prepaid	$104.00
		Excess of assets over liabilities	1520.54
			$1624.54

HENRY BEDINGER MITCHELL,
Treasurer, The Theosophical Society.

April 27, 1923.

PROFESSOR MITCHELL: You will recall the way in which the Propaganda Fund originated, and what was said at the time with regard to it. The cost of paper, the cost of labour, and all costs connected with publication have very greatly increased. I know of no magazine, with the exception of the QUARTERLY, that has not had, as a consequence of this, to increase its price. The QUARTERLY has not done so, but sells to-day for the same price as twenty years ago. We have discussed it from time to time, and have always decided that we did not wish to raise our price; that the magazine was the one means of official propaganda which the Society employed, and that we wished to make it possible for every member, no matter how poor, to afford it; that we wanted also to enable members to send it to Public Libraries, where it might be seen and found by those who are seeking what it gives. Therefore, since we were unwilling to increase the price, we created this Propaganda Fund—not only to cover the extra expense of the QUARTERLY, but also to enable us to publish in pamphlet form such articles and papers as might be generally helpful. At the time, we urged members not to contribute to the Fund more than they could afford; and I wish now to repeat that request.

Referring to the fact that the receipts for the Propaganda Fund were lower this year than in last year's report, the Treasurer said that year before last we faced a real need. We were short of money, had had to borrow to pay for the QUARTERLY, had had to receive a special contribution of five hundred dollars in order to meet our bills. The situation had been placed before the members, and they had responded most generously. At the Convention a year ago, the Treasurer had, therefore, been able to report that the Society's finances were again in good condition. In the current year there has been no critical need, and it was doubtless for this reason that the contributions to the Propaganda Fund had fallen off.

The Treasurer explained that under the head of Disbursements, the chief item is the printing and mailing of the QUARTERLY. This year there had been included in the Report payment for five numbers of the magazine. Usually the April number had been left over for the next year —no funds being available to meet the bill until the new dues came in.

Mr. Woodbridge and Mr. Mitchell, among others, expressed very earnestly the wish that Mr. Griscom's articles should be given permanent form.

Upon motion, the Treasurer's report was accepted, and the thanks of the Society extended to the Treasurer and to the Assistant Treasurer. Professor Mitchell then resumed the Chair.

The Chairman stated that the next business before the Convention was the report of the Committee on Nominations.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON NOMINATIONS AND ELECTION OF OFFICERS

MR. JOHNSTON: The principle of the continuity of the Executive Committee has already been touched on. Therefore there are only two out of the six elected members to come up for election at each Convention. The Committee on Nominations has conferred and has decided to propose for re-election, the two members who went out of office this year, namely, Judge McBride of Indianapolis, and Colonel Knoff of Norway. It happens that they are both representatives of the class of which Mr. Hargrove spoke, who have been in the Society for a very long period of years, who have summered it and wintered it, and who have that mature experience which is always exceedingly useful in directing the course of the Society for the future. Further, the Committee proposes that we shall re-elect the Treasurer and Assistant Treasurer of the T. S., and the Secretary and Assistant Secretary.

It was moved and seconded that the Secretary be empowered to cast one ballot for the officers nominated. This was done; and after announcements about other meetings, the Convention duly adjourned until 2.30.

AFTERNOON SESSION

The Chairman called first for the report of the Committee on Letters of Greeting.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON LETTERS OF GREETING

Dr. Keightley read letters from Colonel Knoff of Norway, a member of the Executive Committee, and from Branches in Sweden, in Czecho-Slovakia, in England, in Venezuela,

and many distant places; and also referred to numerous other letters, one and all of which brought good wishes. A cablegram from Norfolk, England, was also read, and various greetings from Branches in England. It was moved, seconded, and carried that the Committee on Letters of Greeting be discharged with thanks. [The Letters of Greeting are given in an Addendum to this Report.]

Report of Committee on Resolutions

Mr. Hargrove: We used to have resolutions year after year, representing the feeling of the Convention about various matters. At one stage of the Great War, the Society in Convention assembled could contain itself no longer, and expressed itself about the war, or rather about the principles underlying war in general. At that time, this country was still priding itself on its neutrality and on its superiority, and therefore the resolutions passed by the Society at that time were representative of the soul, rather than of the lower Manas of the United States of America! That fact was recognized by the Society. I think we may say that we had no illusions on the subject. But because officially the country was still neutral, when those resolutions were read by members in Germany they waxed virtuously indignant, and wanted to know why The Theosophical Society had an opinion about such a subject as war, and demanded that hereafter, before the Society express any opinion about anything, three months notice should be given to every Branch in the world, no matter where situated. It did not seem to matter at the time how much notice had to be given, and the result was that at our next annual Convention, we put something in the By-Laws to the effect that hereafter we should give this notice. As matters now stand, anybody who has an idea as to a resolution, three or four months ahead of the Convention, should forward it to the Secretary at Headquarters. No one has ever done it, because, so far as I am aware, everyone is too busy three or four months ahead of Convention to work out a cut and dried programme regarding resolutions. Some one, I think in England, several years ago, wanted to know why these resolutions were not submitted to Branches before Convention. There is an excellent reason. The fact is that all of those resolutions were drafted at luncheon during the Convention. They reflected the spirit of the Convention. Someone had a very slim lunch, and produced a resolution instead of eating. The reason why the resolution was not sent to England or Germany or somewhere else, was that there was not time between luncheon and 2.30 to do it.

So we have lost the habit of drafting resolutions. After all, if this Convention does not say something in very clear and penetrating tones, without the aid of a formal resolution, it is a pity. If anyone here were to try to put in the form of a resolution that which he believes to be the real resolution of the Convention to-day, I think it would be almost impossible to phrase it adequately, and even if it could be phrased satisfactorily, it would not be the resolution of the Society as such, but rather the combined resolution of the different individual members present,—which is a totally different matter.

There are three stock resolutions that we are in the habit of passing:

1. That Mr. Johnston be authorized to reply to the letters of greeting.
2. That the Convention requests and authorizes visits of the officers of the Society to the Branches.
3. That the thanks of the Convention be expressed to the New York Branch for its hospitality and for the use of the room in which meetings were held.

As Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, I suggest that the Convention pass those three resolutions, and then that individual members so express the real resolution of the Convention that readers of the report of the Convention will be able to interpret that resolution for themselves.

These resolutions being duly passed, the Chairman called for the reports of visiting delegates, and of Branches, or of members-at-large.

Reports

Mrs. Gitt: I am greatly interested in church work, and I never intend to give it up, because the Christian Master is my ideal. In fact I came into the Society in order to get a better

understanding of the Christian teaching. So, as a member-at-large, I am giving special attention to the churches. There is a religious revolution going on in Washington now—the people have lost confidence in the churches. To me it is very significant that the churches can no longer get women to teach in their Sunday Schools; salaried men are being brought in to do that work. It means that the women are finally getting tired of the stupidity of the churches; they want some activity, and they are therefore turning their attention to other organizations. The clergy has indeed a very difficult situation to meet. It is not strange that many ministers freely admit that they are greatly alarmed. Some of them are making what I consider the mistake of openly abusing all other organizations, from the pulpit. Others are making a heroic effort to hold on, confident that in the end, people must turn to the church for light and guidance.

Miss Richmond: I always feel that I hate to add one word to a thing as perfect as the Convention always is. In that little corner of Massachusetts where I come from, there is not very much to report, but I hope there is a spark of fire there that will some day be kindled into flame. One of the friends who was there last year has moved away [And has since joined the T. S.]; the other meets with me when she can, and when she cannot, I hold the meeting all by myself.

Mrs. Good: I am sure I convey to you the hearty wishes of the Pacific Branch. We hold our meetings at 7.30 on Sunday evening. They are conducted informally. Topics are chosen, provided by those present. We have devotional reading at the beginning and end of all meetings. Last year, we had two new activities,—one, a correspondence course, in which we endeavoured to draw into greater unity our members who are scattered. We have members from Oregon to Texas, and even those nearby are, in many cases, living outside of Los Angeles, and do not get to the meetings regularly. The other activity was started by request of a lady who asked that a Study Class be formed for the study of *The Secret Doctrine*. Mr. Leonard undertook the work, and the class is held on Wednesday at noon. Mr. Leonard has kept the room open each day during the noon hour. We have circulated the Quarterly, sending it into Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico. Some of the clergy have requested copies. Our meetings generally have been more largely attended. We have new members, and it seems on the whole that there has been greater interest.

The Chairman: Many of us here to-day will remember our pleasure a few years ago in having at the Convention Mr. Leonard and Mr. and Mrs. Box, representing the Pacific Branch from which Mrs. Good now brings a greeting.

Mrs. Regan: I do not know that there is very much more to say for Hope Branch this year than in the past, except that we have had the inestimable privilege of having the notes of the New York Branch meetings. They have helped us to increase our understanding, and that is just what we need so much. We have reached the point where we know it is not enough to be sincere, not enough to be good. We have got to have understanding. We have had visitors from the Study Class of the members-at-large in Providence, and also have attended their Study Class, and that has helped us to increase our understanding.

Mrs. Gordon: While I am a member of the Middletown Branch, I have not been an active member recently, having changed my residence. But I still consider myself a member, so I offer to this Convention the heartiest greetings from that little band of workers. It is a small membership, but I think many of the members are very sincere and in earnest. I keep in correspondence with some of them, and I feel that they are doing what they can. As to the activities of the Branch at present, I am not informed.

Mrs. Danner: I am afraid I cannot give any greeting from the Branch in Pittsburgh, but I am sure I can bring a very hearty greeting from Mr. Hodby whom I had hoped to see here to-day. He told me sometime ago that the Quarterly is in great demand in his bookshop. It is always such a pleasure and such a source of good to us to attend the Convention, that we are very happy to be here this time.

Mrs. Kilpatrick: I did not expect to speak this afternoon, but I am very glad to bring my greetings and to say how much pleasure it gives me to be here once more. I have been living for two or three years in the northern part of California, and so far as I know, no representative of this Society is in the same neighbourhood. I am struck with the feeling that exists there, as

all over the world to-day,—the excessive freedom on the part of all people, especially of the young; yet there are cults springing up on all sides which testify to a search on the part of the people for the truth. Whatever the people are expressing to-day, it is at least genuine. There is no pose about it, and they are not going into it from any conventional reason. In so far as that may be a hopeful sign, I can bring that with my greeting.

MR. DANNER: I feel so much like one of the infants Mr. Hargrove referred to, that I hesitate to speak,—not because there is nothing in my heart to say, because no one could go through the morning that we had this morning and not feel much. I was particularly struck by what was said about coming home here. I do not think there is any word which means more to us. Some of us had one of those famous lunch conversations to-day, and you may be surprised to know that there is a resolution passed already, as to what we are going to do next year when we come home again. My regret is that there is no possible way whereby these infants or babes in arms might be brought home occasionally, to get this wonderful spirit and contact which means so much to anyone who is struggling as most of us are. Mrs. Danner and I do not represent officially the Pittsburgh Branch—I do not know why—but we are glad to bring a greeting from every one of those good people who are striving to do their best as they see it. And I wish there were some way in which all of them, or some of them, could have the privilege, as we do, of coming home once a year to meet the members of this wonderful family.

MR. VAIL: I think the feeling that has impressed me most to-day has been in line with what Mr. Hargrove said this morning about the time having come when we have got to be able to grow up; to take the kingdom of heaven by violence. We cannot expect to have help all the time. I have been so impressed in my own case, with the great kindness of numerous friends in the T. S. who seem to have showered goodness upon me. And yet I have felt from time to time that it is up to me in the long run; that until I settle down and do it myself it will not be done, no matter what wonderful opportunities are afforded me, no matter what encouragement may be given me by my friends. So if there is any resolution to be made, it will be the resolution that the time has come to stand alone and to go ahead.

MRS. LAKE: Our little Study Class in Providence is holding together, and we are trying to do the best we can. We all look forward to our weekly meetings with great happiness, and I think we all feel that they are really the greatest thing in our lives, because we get there our inspiration to go on, to try and live our lives according to theosophical teaching as we have been able to grasp it. And while I myself feel that I am very much of a babe in arms, I hope and trust that I may learn to stand alone.

MR. HARGROVE: I should like to express, on behalf of the older members here, our deep gratitude to some of those who have spoken, who have made us feel that they are heart and soul in the Movement. They have made us feel by what they said, that they have really given themselves to the work. Mr. Danner, I am sure, will understand that there is the right kind of baby and the wrong kind of baby! There is the teething, puling, impossible little thing who persists in being a baby when it ought not to be a baby; and there is the perfectly fascinating baby for whom you will do anything in the world. Mr. Danner called himself a babe. From one standpoint, all of us are babes. Other people may not think we are nice babies, but at least we can try to be. While it is true that every one of us, relatively speaking, in comparison with somebody else, is still in the infant school, we can at least look round and see what we can do to lessen the burden of responsibility which an infant, just because it is an infant, necessarily is. One of the real troubles with the Theosophical Movement, past and present, has been that there are not enough nurses to go round,—either in the Lodge or out of it! Once in a while, when perhaps we have reason to accuse ourselves of still being in the condition when we need a nursemaid to take care of us, let us see what we can do to get out of that condition. There are such innumerable people who need nursemaids, such tremendous demands upon what might be called the nursemaid caste, that if, by withdrawing ourselves from that condition and moving up, we can relieve the situation, can lighten the burden in that sense,—I believe the joy in heaven would be boundless.

Then I want to speak of something else. Professor Mitchell, this morning, spoke of democracy, of mob rule. I want to connect that, if I may, with something that I suggested about the

stages of growth. As an illustration, the use of ritual and ceremony was mentioned,—the first stage, when man is dependent upon ritual and ceremony; then the intermediate stage when he acquires detachment, ceases to be dependent upon it, and becomes indifferent to it; then the third stage, when he learns how rightly and wisely to use ritual and ceremony for the purposes of soul, for the purposes of the Lodge. Let us try to think of that in terms of government.

Back in the early days, there were Adept kings,—those who were members of the Lodge, and who in that capacity ruled the nations. Most of the people whom they ruled were ignorant, were in the earliest stages of infancy, were unable really to appreciate their rulers, but accepted them with childlike, blind faith. It was necessary that in the course of ages that acceptance should become conscious. Blind faith was not, and could not be sufficient. There had to be developed self-conscious, deliberate co-operation, self-conscious choice and obedience,—no longer the acceptance of infancy, but the grateful, whole-hearted acceptance of maturity. The world had to pass from the one stage to the other stage; and, referring to the transition stage, I spoke this morning of those who adopt a negative attitude toward ritual and ceremony, who hate it and rebel against it,—showing that, instead of being detached, they have developed a sort of psychic measles, in spite of which they may ultimately attain the true detachment.

In methods of government, I do not regard democracy as an inevitable phase of growth. I think democracy may be compared to a condition of psychic measles through which the world passes because it is exceedingly difficult for the world to do anything normally. So, as a stage toward the attainment of self-conscious and deliberate acceptance of God-given rule, man devised this strange thing that he calls democracy. It is not for me to imagine what the normal method of growth would have been; perhaps monarchical government was normal. But using the analogy of ritual once more, let us see what happened in England when there was a revolt against too much ritual in religion. The Covenanters, the Roundheads, whitewashed the interior of cathedrals, and beautiful paintings and marbles, and then felt that they had gained emancipation because they had daubed on the whitewash. In exactly the same way, human beings who at first accepted the rule of Adept kings like infants, with blind faith, little by little began to assert themselves, and little by little got rid of the Adept kings and got kings after their own hearts,—that is to say, plain ordinary kings, with nice comfortable vices like their own, so that they felt much more at home with them. Later, as people became more and more self-assertive, they got rid of their kings. Then they held a town meeting, and set up one of themselves, putting him as President in the place of the king. It gave them a sense of freedom. Of course it was "measles" from the standpoint of the real, but doubtless it was—I will not say inevitable, because it was not; but they did just as the Roundheads did, and saw in whitewash, in ugliness, in the hiding of that which symbolized reality, an evidence of their own emancipation. So a modern man sees democracy, or the town meeting, or the vote. He sees them as ends in themselves. Once you have them, you have it all; once you are rid of the king, and have the right to choose your own idiot in the place of the king, you have it all. You have mob rule. Because, sugar-coat it as you choose, what we have in any democratic country—by which I mean England, the United States, France—any democratic country where every man has a vote—is rule by a majority, rule by weight or by number, and not by intelligence. I do not mean that intelligence is enough, but intelligence would at least be a beginning, and it is ridiculous to suppose that mere bulk is going to supply more than bulk. It cannot supply intelligence.

All we need to do is to think of what Theosophy tells us of the government of the Lodge, because, whatever we know about that, we must also see as the objective for humanity as a whole,—the Lodge being the prototype toward which humanity is moving from the stage of blind faith and acceptance, through whatever intermediate stages it creates for itself, to that supreme goal. And the Lodge is not governed by bulk or by numbers—nothing of the kind. The Lodge is governed by those who are best, who are greatest, who are noblest, and who are recognized as best and greatest and noblest. Nor is government imposed upon its citizens, —far from it! It is enough to raise a finger in protest, and the government ceases, because protest means that the individual is no longer a citizen of that kingdom. If he does not like it, he certainly need not have it! Yet that government is adored, because it is known to be great-

est and noblest and best. There will be no solution for the ills of the world, no real solution, until the same kind of government is recognized as desirable; and long before we get it or can become fit for it, we must recognize it, at least intellectually, as desirable beyond all else in life. Think for one moment, if you will, of the confusion in the world to-day. Think of the interference with natural law, with the law, let us say, of supply and demand; think of the need for interference in other cases. Think what it would mean if we had wisdom and unselfishness and strength in the seats of authority. But then think also of what would happen if we did see those qualities there. Some of us might rejoice. Some of us might have it in us to adore that power and goodness; but would the majority of us feel that way? Would there not be bitter complaint on the part of this section and that, because their particular rights were not being recognized, because their particular weaknesses were not being pandered to? It is not difficult to see how far the world is from having earned the right to such guidance. It is one of the purposes of the Theosophical Movement to hold that up as the ideal, to advance that as the solution, and then, with its eyes wide open, to work zealously and perseveringly for that advent of wisdom on earth. We shall have Adept kings again, let us hope, let us pray, in the course of ages, if we members of The Theosophical Society, students of Theosophy, understand why we must have Adept kings, and work with that end in view.

There is no other solution. A man, of course, at first has to realize that he is not capable of governing himself. It will take him a very long time to learn that, I am afraid. Even to-day, in this country, think of the pride and satisfaction there is just because we have no king! A negative attainment, from any standpoint! Yet the attitude, generally speaking, is that because we have no king, we are superior to those who have one. I do not mean that we want Mr. Harding or Mr. Wilson crowned as king in Washington! That would not solve the problem, excellent as either or both of them may be. We cannot go at it that way. We must see the ideal and work for it; and we have to work for it, not so much by words, as by seeing, each one in his own life, just what it means—that kingship of the Adept in one's own life. There is the solution. There is the road. Only when there are enough individuals in a nation who follow that road and who follow it faithfully, can there be attainment by the nation to which they belong.

The nation has a soul just as each individual has a soul, potentially in any case, and you can see, if you study the life of a nation, the means by which it gains self-consciousness. You can see how little interference there is in the life and development of that nation, the infinite respect for the rights, for the free will, for the choice of that nation. And therefore you can rest assured that there will be no interference in the life of the individual at any point, unless and until that interference is desired more than anything else on earth.

Mob rule necessarily means chaos. The government of the Lodge can be thought of as a triangle pointing upwards. Mob rule can be thought of as that triangle pointing downwards. It is the reverse of the real. If we turn to the literature of to-day, there is, as our Chairman said, a growing realization of the hopelessness of the modern solution,—protests from all quarters against this man-made god which they call democracy,—the idea that one man is as good as anybody else. People are finding out that there are differences between men; finding out very slowly that one man may be born with more wisdom than another. As they accumulate that experience, it undermines their faith in the progress supposed to have been made when the head of the last king was cut off. They discover that nothing really was gained by cutting off that head, except by the king himself—for he got rid of his subjects! So, little by little, we learn: and as we learn (the members of The Theosophical Society), we hope that the world learns with us.

Mr. Perkins: I had to go to Court the other day, being called as a witness. It was the very lowest, simplest Court that we have in the city, one of our little Magistrate's Courts where small offences against the rules and regulations by which we conduct our lives (fire laws, traffic laws, and so on) are tried. As I sat there for a half day, waiting to be called, I found it a very interesting picture of life, as we know it in our own lives from day to day. The first thing noticeable was the fact that none of the dozen people making up the Court, from the Judge down, none of the hundred and fifty people sitting around waiting to be called, no one of the whole lot of us

had the slightest expectation that any justice was going to be done in that Court after we had been there fifteen minutes. It was very easy to see how many of those new citizens of the United States, how many of those in attendance who were not yet citizens, were gaining their first knowledge of the fact that in this country they did not necessarily get into a place of law when they got into a Court; not necessarily into a place of justice. There simply was not any there. It was in watching the proceedings of the Court that a little light came to me,—watching the Judge particularly. He was not a bit interested in justice or the law or any such foolishness as that. There were some regulations, and people could testify or not; it was entirely a matter of personal preference whether you brought witnesses or did not; whether you testified or not, the result was exactly the same.

As I watched that Judge, I found that there was something in me that worked in just the way he was working. This Judge was acting naturally, he was doing what would be considered the right thing for a magistrate in his position to do; doing what he had been put there to do. There is something in me that does just what he does. There was a succession of these little cases. I probably heard half a hundred of them. I found that that man was dismissing those cases very much as something inside me dismisses and judges and acts upon and determines a succession of little events of life, not upon principles of justice, not upon revelations of truth that may have come out of similar little incidents, in the past; he was judging these things with speed and celerity, getting them out of the way, doing as he pleased and as the people who put him in that job wanted him to do. He was deciding the events of the moment as he wanted to, —as something in me does. I asked myself two or three times how much more trouble it would have been to have decided these cases rightly. No more trouble! How much more satisfaction was he giving himself or anybody else by deciding them in the way he was deciding them, as compared with the way they ought to have been decided. No more! Yet we do the same in the succession of little events during the day. Each one of us knows in his heart that there is no compromising with them, that there can be only one decision which will make it unnecessary to go back sometime and pick up things and do them over, if we do not do them right. We know what we ought to do. Inevitably we know. And I said to myself that I was going to try to use that experience in that Magistrate's court, where I had a chance to look in from the outside, where I was not very directly concerned. I was going to try to use that experience as a leverage on my own acts, to incite justice in myself where I am so continually the judge of little matters. That Judge ought to have referred those decisions to something much bigger than himself and outside of himself. He ought to have referred them to the Great Justice that comes down to us from above. And when Mr. Hargrove was speaking, I thought of that incident, and thought that each one of us, if he will, knows that these little decisions from moment to moment, are not tiny things. Each one of us is making a succession of little decisions in his own mind and heart which, whether he knows it or not, will have very far-reaching results. We can decide these matters on Convention day—these matters of moment to moment daily life—if we live in the clear light of the teaching which has come down to us. I believe it is really simple if we will, and if we will insist upon its being simple and being within our control.

Mr. Woodbridge: It has been said that the banner of the Lodge should be carried forward, and I was struck by the fact that it is not the mere placing of that banner on a hill to be looked at, but almost as if that banner were being carried forward at the front, on a battle line, up a hill. We all feel how disgracefully far we have lagged behind. Perhaps the first step would be to look at the ground in front of us. If it is our duty to go up the hill, a quagmire may be in front of us where we must pick our way from hummock to hummock, or there may be a mass of jagged rocks. Perhaps our first step, in answering the challenge to act, would be to look and see where we stand. The law of correspondences prevails. Look around in this country. Those of us who are situated here, follow the great western Master, and if we recognize the tendency in this country to substitute the whitewash brush for the Cross, it strikes me we could take that great drama in Palestine and look for hints to-day in handling our present life and our own souls.

Modern people like to turn away from Judas Iscariot. Yet was he not the instrument used by the Black Powers in their attack on the Master? What traces are there in the present day

of what Judas Iscariot symbolized? He sold the Master for money, and he sold him with a kiss. Look for those principles in politics. Do we not find men offending against the very first of the three steps suggested in "Lodge Dialogues"—loyalty, humility, love? All that has been said to-day is a challenge to arouse in ourselves loyalty. Thirty pieces of silver represented to Judas Iscariot, comfort. Then he probably liked to have a kindly picture of himself, which was symbolized by the kiss. Everywhere to-day the democratic principle is demanding the right to this and that, without the performance of corresponding duties. The same thing is true of the Church. I do not know that anything has brought home to me my own blindness more than the objection of four Christian clergymen to the protest against the killing of a man who stood for the Church in Russia. They said Russia had a right to do what she pleased, a right to kill a traitor, and that we had no right to interfere. Men claim to serve under a Cross which they are betraying, and they do it with the shocking hypocrisy of saying that they do it for the love of the Master. It should make us look within ourselves for treachery covered up by the pretence of good will, and by the self-satisfaction and self-indulgence of believing that we love that which we betray. We should take from this Convention a grown-up feeling of determination to overcome anything in us of what Judas Iscariot symbolized, and, for the love of the Master, to follow the banner of the Lodge.

MRS. CORYELL: At this Convention, would it be thought wise to make any protest against the persecution of Christianity by the Soviet government? As we have received our life, since 1875, from the sacrifice of a great Russian, I wonder if the Convention would consider this a proper thing to do.

MR. MITCHELL: The Convention is already on record with regard to Bolshevism, having declared it the opposite of Brotherhood.

THE CHAIRMAN: Where could we stop? If we protested against the condition of affairs in Russia, I do not know where we should draw the line,—there is so much against which to protest. Since we are already on record, is it your wish that we place ourselves on record again?

Mr. Woodbridge read a quotation from Madame Blavatsky, as it appeared in *The Theosophist*, Vol. I (October, 1879), p. 7-A:—"Unconcerned about politics, hostile to the insane dreams of socialism and Communism, which it abhors—as both are but disguised conspiracies of brutal force and sluggishness against honest labour; the Society cares but little about the outward human management of the material world. The whole of its aspirations are directed towards the occult truths of the visible and invisible worlds. Whether the physical man be under the rule of an empire or a republic, concerns only the man of matter. His body may be enslaved; as to his Soul, he has the right to give to his rulers the proud answer of Socrates to his Judges. They have no sway over the *inner* man."

MR. HARGROVE: Cursing is a lost art—that is the trouble! It is useless merely to talk to Bolshevists. H. P. B. would have been equal to it, but I doubt the abilities of our Committee on Resolutions in that respect! Seriously, what can be said? You protest against the murder of one more Priest, and a Priest, after all, is no more than a human being. They have killed people like flies. They killed the Priest because he was a Priest, yes. But they killed human beings because they were human beings, and they began with the Czar and his family. There are some of us who have not forgiven them for that, and who never will. I do not know why this latest murder got the attention of the American public as it did. Murders have been committed wholesale ever since the Bolsheviki got control. It is hell let loose, as everybody knows. I am more than willing to protest against hell let loose; but it is not going to impress hell in the least; while if we as individuals are not an embodied protest against Bolshevism from beginning to end, we have no right to call ourselves members of this Society. If anything could be gained by formulating a protest, I should be delighted, but the Committee on Resolutions would need all the help that the Society could render, for I am afraid we are not equal to it!

DR. CLARK: It seems to me that a protest might make it seem far off from us, and it is not so far off from us as it might appear. In connection with this Convention, there came back to my mind those words of Christ, "Many prophets and righteous men have desired to see those things which ye see, and have not seen them; and to hear those things which ye hear, and have not heard them." They did not hear the truth, and yet the little glimmer of light that they did

see, enabled them to make themselves into prophets and righteous men. Now our position to-day is certainly not less than that of those people who heard the words of Christ. It was Divine Wisdom, it was the Masters of the Lodge who launched into the world this Movement, this Society of which we have the privilege to be a part. We know that it was by great effort that those people made themselves prophets and righteous men, by living up to the glimmer of light and truth that they perceived and heard. And if we do not make the resolution to follow that banner of the Lodge, to obey this teaching of Divine Wisdom, what else is there for us? The force that can make can also unmake. What can save us from becoming like the Russia of to-day—except to follow the Lodge?

Mrs. Coryell: I was not thinking of the murder of any one man, but of the effort which apparently is being made to destroy any form of religion, any form of spiritual effort. Young people are being brought up in the most frightful conditions so far as any spiritual life goes. If it were proper for us to make a protest—we who seem to serve as leaven—I feel that we should be carrying the banner forward, and that it has been defiled. They might kill each other as they wish, but when they defile the banner we are supposed to follow, I feel that we should do something.

In the discussion that followed it was suggested that if any protest were made, it would need to be sufficiently comprehensive to include the Socialist Sunday Schools in the United States, where things are taught against religion which are quite as monstrous as the things taught to children in Russia. It was also suggested that the protest of all others that ought to be uttered is a protest against the disgraceful supineness with which this country and Europe accepted even the outrage of the murder of the Czar and his family, seeing that the Bolsheviki are acting according to their own hideous nature, and are living up to their professions, while the more civilized nations are not living up to their professions, because, while claiming that they do not believe in such barbarities, they none the less permit them to pass without a word of censure. Total ostracism of the Bolshevists, it was urged, would be the least that one would have a right to expect.

Mr. La Dow: One reason for making a protest thoroughly comprehensive is the fact that, as I saw the figures recently, up to the end of 1921 the Bolshevists had killed one million, seven hundred and seventy-six thousand people.

Mr. Hargrove: I think that one of the points that have been made, ought to be emphasized further. All of us are full of condemnation, in a general way, of what the Soviet has done. I believe we are full of condemnation of the cold-blooded murders committed in this country at Herrin, to which a previous speaker referred. That is easy. Anybody can be full of indignation about things like that. It has been suggested that we ought to be equally full of indignation because of the lack of protest against the murder of the Czar and his family. This country did not protest; so far as I know it did not say a word. England did not protest. I do not know any country in Europe that did, any country in the world that did. Why did not some nation protest? For the simple reason that the autocratic principle of government is out of fashion; and whether it was the British, the American, or any other government, it felt that a protest would not be popular. That was sufficient reason. That is the explanation. They were afraid. It was cowardice and nothing else.

Why have there been so few protests in the case of the Herrin massacre in this country? A few editorials have been written. But this people are not up in arms. There is no depth of feeling, no excitement about it. Roughly, about eighty people were killed by strikers, and the murderers are all at large, legally acquitted. It is not so much the murderers against whom we should protest, because they are murderers born and bred, and always will be. But how about the Clergy of this country? From how many pulpits have protests been thundered because of those murders and because of those acquittals? From hardly any; and the reason is cowardice in this case also. The clergy are afraid of the labour unions. Protests would not have been popular. Condemnation of that sort of moral cowardice is more necessary than condemnation of murder.

Suppose a very terrible murder were committed in New York tomorrow. It would never enter our heads to protest. Protest against murder ought to be taken for granted. But when it

comes to the Clergy of all denominations, who are supposed to speak for the conscience of a nation, and who failed to protest against the Herrin massacre, and against the murder of the Czar,—it is for us to condemn their cowardice, as a disgrace to themselves and to their Churches. Exactly the same thing is true of the so-called civilized governments who are afraid of the labour unions, afraid of the mob, and who otherwise would have protested, and perhaps would have gone further than protest. I do not think, however, that anything would be gained by a formal resolution, though I do hope that the Report of our Convention will contain what Mrs. Coryell and others have said. It will tell its own story.

Mr. Mitchell: I want to express gratitude for being a member of an organization where people can get up and say they are not going to forgive the murder of the Czar and his family. It seems to me that everything that has been said here to-day is a cause for immense gratitude, —beginning with what was said in the opening address: that this is home. Thank heaven itself, that we have been called to it, that we can think of it as home. If we could think of it as home always, so many things that weigh on us would drop off. We should not have to try to find a home in the opinion of other people, trying to make them think well of us.

To go on from the joy of being here once more, to what Mr. Woodbridge spoke of as the challenge to us—the call for action, to advance with the banner of the Lodge—taking that with what was said a year ago about The Theosophical Society as the ark, the storehouse of ancient ideals, I thank heaven that we have been privileged to hear those ideals, that we can grow into them, that our hearts' desire lies ahead of us in the future. It may take one life or a hundred lives, but it is there! Mr. Hargrove spoke of growing up from babes to the point of taking knife and fork in hand. Well, the Masters provide the food. We may need to go out to the kitchen and cook the food, but the food is there. The qualities are there,—the qualities that we must have in order to follow the banner of the Lodge. They are there within our reach. I was reading in the Quarterly recently about Sufism, and about the splendid ardour and fiery enthusiasm of that movement. All the powers of nature are before us; we are to take what we can. They are what each one of us is urged to take, and what each one of us longs to have. That is our hearts' desire,—to take the weapons that the Lodge holds out to us and to turn them on ourselves and to fight all that keeps us back from our heart's desire, all that obscures our vision of these ideals. And the price? I thank heaven that the price is what it is—that the pearl of so great price is as it is—so that nothing can be held back. We must give ourselves. We must make our decision. Let it be a hundred incarnations instead of one, rather than lower the price. All that we can ask—and it is within our reach—is the splendid enthusiasm and the fiery ardour that we long for to follow the banner of the Lodge.

Mr. Johnston: I should like to add a memory. In 1881 the Emperor Alexander II of Russia was assassinated. Those who wish to know what the record of The Theosophical Society has been in that regard would do well to read the scathing indignation with which Madame Blavatsky speaks of that abominable murder. It will be of interest to every member here to remember that Madame Blavatsky, whom we regard as our pioneer, as our great road-maker, as our great bringer of treasures from the East, did, with absolute clarity and clearness of moral vision, denounce a murder of the same type in 1881.

I share Mr. Hargrove's indignation that no protest was made by the nations when the Emperor of Russia and his wife and children were murdered, and deplore the cowardice and injustice in every estimate that was made of him. He had his weaknesses. But he had done splendid things. He it was who designed and brought about the great Trans-Siberian Railroad. He was the leader in the international movement for a World Court. He was a man of high ideals, and a man with a character tragically inadequate to carry out his ideals. He was an autocrat, but Russia had a constitution a dozen years before his death. There was not a nation —hardly a man—who protested against an abominable murder, the first of a series. I was very much struck by the fact that while there has been general protest regarding the murder of a Polish Vicar General, so little has been said of the contemplated destruction of the Patriarch Tikhon. A plot for his destruction has been hatched, and for the destruction of everyone who stands for a spiritual principle in Russia, if they can compass it. Personally, I should like to do something somewhat different from resolutions. We can make them effective in this way:

we can resolve against that part in us which works in the same way; that part which does succumb to cowardice, which does succumb to betrayal. And while we cannot speak our indignation in the way we should like to do, we can very effectively use our indignation, and every ounce of it, against the same thing in ourselves, against our own cowardice, against our inclination to betray. Every time the cause of Masters is presented to us, we have the opportunity to make the protest that will count.

MR. ACTON GRISCOM: I should like to make the effort to conjure up some of those several notes that were struck this morning, so that we can perhaps see the problem of our right attitude toward these Soviets and their acts,—how we may properly approach our action, the resolution of our wills, our hearts, against them. I think there must have been moments this morning, when it was suggested that this Convention is a time of testing and of sifting, when we perhaps quaked within ourselves. I know, for my own part, with the thought of the cycle in my mind as I came to this Convention, that there came up the picture of the Master Christ telling those disciples of his that one of them should betray him; and they all asked: Is it I? The appeal has been made year after year, and we have made, each in his own heart and mind, our response to that appeal. And now it is suggested that the time is coming and is now at hand, when our choice and the series of our choices are leading us to the dividing line. Are we going to betray the trust that has been handed down to us, or are we going to be able, as chelas, to carry forward that banner of the Lodge?

The words of Mr. Judge, more than once repeated in his Letters, never to doubt, never to admit a thought of doubt, came to mind. And I turned to those three words quoted here in 1918, apparently from a speech that Mr. Judge made at an early Convention, and which my father spoke of as in a measure a valedictory,—those three words: faith, courage, constancy. And I said to myself, what is faith for? What is our faith and our glimpse of what lies beyond us, if it should not awaken in us hope? And what are courage and constancy for, if they should not lead us to self-sacrifice?

And first, it seems to me that there is great cause for hope. We should try to lift ourselves and to rise on the inspiration that comes from a true and a great hope. I remember the first Convention that I attended as a member of the Society. And there it was suggested, as in fact I believe it is suggested at each Convention, that we should remember the words of H. P. B. to keep the link unbroken, and to prepare the way for the coming of the Lodge Messenger, which will now occur in about fifty years. And I remember then adding the necessary years to my own, and realizing that I should have to live to be eighty-nine if I were to witness that day. To-day we have with us two new members of a younger generation, and I take hope from that—I am sure they will not mind my speaking of it, because the older members, no matter what their age, must be looking for those who, in 1975, may be hoped to be alive; and if one adds fifty years to say fifteen, it brings 1975 well within the span of a man's life.

We must arouse in ourselves a genuine and a dynamic hope. The world about us has its hopes, and they are but pale shadows, echoes of what we have a right to hope for,—a right because we are here at this moment; a right because of the doors that are held open before us.

There comes to my mind a story told by Plutarch about Alexander the Great. After a successful battle, his Lieutenant Perdiccas noticed that he had given away all the spoils, keeping none for himself. And Perdiccas asked him, "What is your share?" And Alexander answered, "My share is hope." He had a living hope, and Perdiccas, inspired by that, said, "Then some of us who have shared your labours with you, will share your hope with you,"—and he too gave over his portion of the spoils to others.

What do we think the hopes of the Masters are for us—what the hopes of the Great Ones who inspire us, and whom we would yearn to follow? What was the hope of a Jeanne d'Arc, what the hope of a Napoleon? What was the hope of the saints for the Christian Church? What was the hope of Madame Blavatsky on her death bed, when she left us those words, "Keep the link unbroken"? And what the hope of Mr. Judge? Can we not to advantage, at this time of cyclic change and of real crisis, realize that we must, somewhere, somehow, find the inspiration, the desire, the energy, the courage to do this thing, to become chelas, living chelas of the Masters? The world holds out its hopes, and they are but shadows; yet a lieutenant, a Per-

diccas, when he came in contact with the hope of an Alexander, said he would share in the labours of his leader.

And so we come to that other word, self-sacrifice. "Not by the wine drunk but by the wine poured forth. Measure thy life by loss and not by gain." I wonder how many are capable, at this moment, of feeling the genuine self-sacrifice of yielding up all things that their lower natures and their personalities want, of being prepared to suffer and to die for a cause,—that that is what they hope for? Human nature shrinks from such things, but the Great Ones, those who have made causes to triumph in the world, are those who have found in self-sacrifice, in suffering, in unstinted service, that for which they longed, that for which they hoped.

We must make some response. We must make some definite resolution; and surely, with all that has been said to us to-day, with a vision of the future and of those Adept kings, we can find a hope, and even make of our hopes a duty—if we find ourselves dull and falling from them,—forcing ourselves against the grain to realize that these things are for *us;* that this call has not been sent broadcast, but has been addressed to members of this Society, to you and to me; and that somehow, can we but catch a vision that will be dynamic, it must be easy to like to suffer, to enjoy self-sacrifice, as the saints, as the Great Ones, as the Masters, have learned to enjoy and to choose self-sacrifice.

Mr. Miller: I am sure all of us feel that our hearts are so full of gratitude that we really hardly know how to express it. But there was one note sounded this morning which appealed especially to me,—that the change in the cycle is approaching, that it is about two years distant, and that this Convention may be our last opportunity to make the decision. In fact it was hinted that these decisions are made before the decisive moment of the cycle arrives. It therefore seems to me that the clarion note is sounded, that we must say that we are on the side of the Lodge, that we are going to abandon our previous practice of toying with this subject of discipleship, that we are going to throw all that we have and are into it. This may seem hard, but the Lodge has a way of making it easy for us, of giving us help for this step. It has been a great encouragement to me to have in mind the words in *Letters That Have Helped Me:* "He that does the best he knows how and that he can, does enough for us." Those words should fill us all with hope and courage to take this step, because, while what we do, need not be much, it must be the best that we can do.

Mr. Auchincloss: There is always a feeling at Convention time of the nearness of the Great Companions. The feeling is strong that they actually do meet with us here. The feeling is strong, too, that they are needing our help. We must feel, perhaps, the desire—on account of that renewed feeling of nearness at this time—for closer communion with them. If that is our feeling, what must their feeling be? They must long to have more of us ready to take responsibility, ready to respond and to understand and to carry that understanding into all that we do. How are we responding? Are we, perhaps, actually blocking them, through some manifestation or other of our own lower self, in their efforts to lift for us the veil of the unseen, to open to us the real world? Or are we supposing that a certain amount of good-will on our part is enough, and that by virtue of good-will they are ever after going to do all the rest for us? They must be tired of that sort of thing. It is well for us that they take long views! Or are we on fire to add to our good-will all of the understanding without which our effort cannot really prevail; on fire to attack all the things in us that keep us from them, and to turn such things into a means of advance? They give us so much. Cannot we give them more?

Mr. Saxe: As one who was a member-at-large for a number of years, I want to give a message to members-at-large. Living now in New York, and getting the point of view to some extent, of those who are here, I should like to assure members-at-large that their presence here when they come to these Conventions is of much more help and inspiration to the residents than they have any idea of. I think the outside visiting member feels that he may possibly get some benefit, but it probably does not occur to him that he is contributing by being here. To those who never have come, I should like to say that they have no idea of what they miss by not coming. For one or two years after I started reading the Quarterly, I did not join the T. S. or have any idea of coming to a Convention. When I came down and saw the difference between the printed word and the real thing, I cannot describe my feelings. I believe that no

distant members who have never been here have the least idea, from what they read, of what a Convention is really like. I am convinced that if they did, they would make it a point to come.

The member who is isolated feels sometimes discouraged and feels that if he could only be with one of the larger Branches, all would be well. Obviously it is a great advantage. But my own experience convinces me that those members who are isolated have certain particular advantages, from having to make special effort and to think things out for themselves, which they would not have if they were at some centre. And therefore they really have special opportunities to gain experience that will fit them to be of more use in certain respects when they get the opportunity later on of seeing more of other members.

MR. L. GRISCOM: There is an element in me that has always revolted from and been repelled by, the concepts of self-sacrifice and duty. I am wondering if a suggestion which I have found helpful may be of interest to the Convention. This suggestion does not imply any disagreement on my part, or any denial of the importance of what has been urged. Sometimes I like to take the point of view that the formulation of the mental concepts of self-sacrifice and duty are signs of imperfections in ourselves. If you take a chosen career, say that of a scientist, it is preposterous to hear a man talk about the self-sacrifice involved in some of the more tedious routine work,—in taking care of a collection of museum specimens, for instance. Any scientist who used that term would merely prove, *ipso facto*, that he was not really devoted to his science. Why cannot we take the same point of view about the religious life,—instead of thinking somewhat negatively about our duties and our self-sacrifices, let us think that he who really wants to pursue that kind of life or to serve the Lodge more than anything else in the world cannot conceivably form a concept of a duty or of self-sacrifice.

THE CHAIRMAN: I do not wish to leave at loose ends the suggestion made by Mrs. Coryell with regard to the resolution of protest. The understanding that the Chair has reached is that we do not wish to attempt to pass a formal resolution, because of our conviction that any such resolution would be inadequate; but that we do desire that the spirit of such a resolution should be spread upon the Report of this Convention in the speeches that have voiced it. Furthermore, the understanding of your Chairman is that it is the sense of this Convention that one and all of us should go out from it, not with verbal protests against all for which the Soviets and Communists stand, but resolved to make our lives effective in opposition to the principles of the Soviet, effective for their entire opposite. That is the first knot I wish to tie.

There is next the question of whether any other miscellaneous business should come before the Convention.

MR. MITCHELL: I suggest that this resolution of members present be made unanimous, by asking if there is any disagreement from the understanding which the Chairman expressed as the result of this discussion,—asking that if there be dissent, it should now be voiced, and that if there is none, the feeling be regarded as unanimous. [There was no dissent.]

It was moved and voted that the Committee on Resolutions be discharged, with thanks; also that a very cordial and sincere vote of thanks be given to the permanent officers of the Convention.

On motion, duly made, the Convention was then adjourned.

ISABEL E. PERKINS,
Secretary of Convention.
JULIA CHICKERING,
Assistant Secretary of Convention.

LETTERS OF GREETING

KRISTIANIA, NORWAY.

To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: While time rolls on, man is treading the strange path leading from one eternity to another, struggling, stumbling, bleeding, and continually losing his way in the wilderness of earthly existence. Often it seems as though

he is lost for ever in the maze of psychic illusions. But the Compassionate Ones provide for a successful journey. They help those who are trying to find the steep old path that leads to Heaven, and the bewildered ones are dragged on to the other shore through the ever-working evolutionary Law.

Thus, as Cavé has it: "The man who rushes back to the world, is not to be grieved over. He doubtless gained all he could while in our ranks, and now needs different training. Neither is he to be mourned who is snatched up in a psychic whirlwind and carried off before our eyes. Some one is carefully directing his course, and he will receive just the schooling he needs."

These are minor events in the history of The Theosophical Society, that occur again and again, but when happening in a circle of sincere students a wound is left, an illusory wound, maybe, which is felt till the magic power of another illusion, time, has made us recover.

And now I venture to ask you to remember to-day with warm sympathy not only those wounded ones, but also those who have rushed back to the world, or drifted into the psychic eddies of the present era, and disappeared before our eyes. These last are most to be pitied, because of the awful loss they have suffered by falling out of the way.

Friends, a small band of fellow-students in Norway who are still holding on, some of them perhaps now and then with sinking hearts, are sending you a heartfelt greeting to this annually recurring festival of The Theosophical Society. May your deliberations to-day be a great success, bringing us the Masters' blessings and a fresh share in the Lodge-Force for powerful work for the good of all in the future.

Fraternally yours,

T. H. Knoff,
Chairman, Karma Branch.

Arvika, Sweden.

We send our best wishes to the T. S. Convention in New York, and regret that because of the great distance we are not able to send a representative to the Convention. But we are glad to know that nothing except the Atlantic will separate us.

G. Fjaestad,
Acting Secretary, Arvika Branch.

Aussig, Czecho-Slovakia.

To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: Assembled in Convention, united by the common decision to make this meeting a very real and creative fact in the Evolution of Mankind, and cemented by bonds of real fraternal love, you will be producing that very spirit of understanding and discipline, and will be developing that fervent love of righteousness and that passionate hate of all sorts of evil which the world of to-day needs so very urgently. We even long for that spirit and therefore we let ascend our prayers to the Masters, to make us able to share this spirit in any degree. At the same time as you will be assembled in Convention we will hold a Branch meeting and we will try to share to some extent the common consciousness and feeling of the Convention. We hope also to partake of the blessing the Masters will send you. . . .

Comprehending that mere mental notions are not efficacious enough, we are endeavouring to complete them by fervent aspirations and prayers, by trying to uphold the principles of righteousness, honour and truth in our whole activity, by doing all our daily duties with the intention to help thereby the Masters to fight the powers of evil.

Certainly we must aspire very fervently after real love as the sole base of all our doings—for Christ is yet the Master in Love, and we would grow into likeness with him; but as the horizon of our understanding largened, we felt also the urgent necessity to hate passionately

the evil which is opposing the Master Christ. Everything we love we are obliged to protect. If we love Christ and long to share his Spirit, we are obliged to fight what is attacking Him, i. e. the evil and its spirit. Fervent love of righteousness, truth and loveliness, and passionate hate of lies, depravity and ugliness, are only two expressions of one and the same original power, and incite themselves mutually. If anyone is grasped very largely by strong elementaries, then I can express to him real compassion and pity in no better way than by combatting his personality till the elementaries will loose their iron grip upon him. Thereby I have helped his spiritual individuality to free himself and that is an act of real love. Therefore France is doing her best and we wish from our deepest heart that she may have the courage and the power to persevere in carrying out her task. Certainly the Convention will inspire the world and prove itself as a very tremendous help for France and Belgium. We are very happy that we are able to recognize the need of the present in any degree and we acknowledge our enormous indebtedness to the contributors of the QUARTERLY, to the members of the Executive Committee, and to the spirit of the whole Society.

In the name of the members of the Aussig Branch I send you our most heartfelt greetings and cordial good wishes.

I remain

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

OTHMAR KÖHLER,
Secretary, Aussig Branch.

AYLSHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND.

The Norfolk Branch sends its unanimous and very friendly greetings to the members of the T. S. at the time of the annual Convention, with the assurance that the comrades of this Branch will be with their fellow members in spirit on that day.

We are not so fortunate as last year, as we can send no delegate, but we ask Dr. Keightley to be our proxy, and to act for us in any manner that may be necessary. And we hope that the Convention will be a very happy and fruitful one.

As a Branch we are very scattered. Some of us are personally even unknown to each other, and have never met. But by correspondence and a scheme of study, and papers and reports which are circulated, we are able to keep in touch, and I think this last year has brought us increased unity, and a feeling of brotherhood from the knowledge that we are all working along the same lines, and for the same cause. So that perhaps our scattered membership is in this way a gain, for although we cannot hold Branch meetings, by the necessary concentration that correspondence involves, we come to a knowledge of each other that we should not gain otherwise. During the year we have continued the study of the *Yoga Sutras of Patanjali*, studying four to six of these with the comments, each month. We write our notes on the study, putting down the thoughts and observations that come to us, and these are sent each month to the Branch President and circulated by post to each member in turn. Questions are sometimes asked and answered by one or another of us, according to our ability.

In addition to our study we have had the privilege, through the courtesy of the New York Branch, of receiving each fortnight a most excellent Report of the proceedings at the meetings in New York, and for this I wish to express the grateful thanks of the Branch. The Reports are circulated among the members, whose appreciation of them and gratitude for the trouble taken for us by our fellow members in America, is very great. I can think of no more complete method of keeping us in touch with our American fellow members and with the headquarters of the Movement.

I enclose a list of members with addresses. We have gained two new members (old T. S. members) and lost one through resignation. In conclusion I am asked to convey to you our very best wishes for the success of the Convention.

Yours Fraternally,

ALICE GRAVES,
Secretary, Norfolk Branch.

Mrs. Graves also wrote:

We are thinking much of you all at the time of the Convention, and shall be with you in spirit—and in the person of Dr. Keightley, whom we have asked to act as proxy for the Norfolk Branch. I hope that we have made a step forward in unity and that the smallness of our numbers is compensated for by earnestness of purpose. I think that our chief need is balance, steadfastness of purpose, arising from a faith that admits of no discouragement. There is much chaos and unrest in the world around us—a loss of all sense of proportion, and a failure to recognize that all reforms must begin from within. It is a time when we need to take long views, and to look for the good which is always in existence somewhere, behind the striving and struggle and self-seeking that appears on the surface. Good must triumph over evil eventually, and by earnestness and devotion and unity of purpose, surely even so small a force as our T. S. Branch here can help to hasten the victory.

Our Branch study is increasingly helpful to us. The *Yoga Sutras* with Mr. Johnston's comments, which we are studying, show us the immense importance of inner work, and its great power for good. This is particularly encouraging to us, as we are a scattered Branch and cannot meet for public talks and discussions. We have been told that the best work is done in silence, and this is one of the lessons our Branch work has taught us.

There was also a cable from Mrs. Bagnell of the Norfolk Branch: "Best wishes for Convention from all."

CARACAS, VENEZUELA.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society, in Convention assembled: La Branche "Venezuella" présente, avec ses cordiales salutations, son désir pour que les nobles propos espirituels de notre Assemblée recoivent cette fois, comme jusqu'a présent, les bénédictions et les meilleures inspirations. Et quoi autres pouvaient-elles être que celles de la Divine Sagesse, la Theo-Sophia? Phare au milleiu de l'obscurité, sa lumiére y est inextinguible, et, ostensiblement dissous les ténébres.

Un accroissement de notre Société y est évident au champ intérieur; croissance impersonnelle, ditons-nous mieux, quatri-dimensionnelle, qui atteste son droit conquit d'y pénétrer par tout et de faire du réel travail fraternal pour l'Humanité. Travail non nécéssairement visible toujours, mais occulte et silencieux, et, oh! merveilles des dimensions du Monde Intérieur, sans changer de lieu, sans perdre ses traits caractéristiques définis, puisque dans cette Voie "on voyage sans partir et sans changer." Et pour que nous pensons que notre Société a crûe incessament, et ainsi de même croîtra de plus en plus, nous sommes surs que notre dernière Convention sera toujours la plus expansive, et donc, la plus importante pour plus capacitée a faire le travail du Rapprochement Universel, qui est le but essenciel de sa Mission, saturant ce monde d'ici du monde d'en haut. Loin de nous toute litérature. Nous parlons en conscience de notre unique Privilège et de notre unique Responsabilité. Notre Société est pont tendu sur l'abisme pour unir les deux mondes. Sur le pont est couchée la ligne du chemin de fer. Nous sommes les gardiens de la voie, et pour que le train aille et vienne sans interruption il faut une surveillance sans cesse de notre part. Les Maîtres sont le train; et les marchandises et voyaguers sont les enseignements toujours nouveaux et les disciples de la réserve que la Loge envoie au fur et a mesure que nous creons la nécéssité et faisons la demande. S'il y a de la perséverance et foi, accompagnant la surveillance, et faisant un point d'honneur être a poste fixe dans le lieu assigné, tout ira de mieux en mieux. Mais si nous négligeons notre attention toujours il y aura la possibilité d'une catastrophe, ou, au moins, un dérraillement ou un rétard.

Pendant l'année écoulée le nombre des membres de notre Branche n'a pas été augmenté que d'un. En sens contraire, heureseument, l'expansion de la conscience de notre Société a élevé a nos membres a la comprehension thésophique que le but et finalité de notre Mouve-

ment n'est pas bornée a l'exclusive activité au dedans de notre Branche, mais qu'on peut appliquer la Théosophie toute entière a tous les departements et faits et choses de la vie et du monde.

Au cours de l'année qui finit dans ce trimestre nous avons suivi le méme programme que l'an dernier, avec des réunions officielles le premier samedi de chaque mois et réunions ordinaires les autres samedis. Dans ces sessions les sujets d'études étaient les Reports des travaux de la New York Branch, des articles du QUARTERLY et de notre litérature en général; les faits résultants d'actualité; étant le trait culminant un esprit d'appréciation unitif, qui résumait toujours la dualité des pairs d'opposés.

Des membres font de traductions, et bientôt nous mettrons au jour la *Meditación*, du Prof. Mitchell, imponderable, et de cyclique opportunité. Aprés suivront *Cartas que me han ayudado* II Vol. et d'autres. La *Meditación* sera finie et éditée avant notre Convention.

Mais le travail principal et d'indutibable utilité, par sa nécéssité primaire, c'est la mission expansive de la Branche, c'est-a-dire, de l'Idéal de la Théosophie, dans le Continent Sud-Américain, qui accomplit notre Branche en confiant la commission d'une visite, discréte et silencieuse, a son émissaire,——— ——— ———, aux pays du Brasil, Uruguay, Argentina, Chile, Perú et Ecuador—proffittant sa mission professionnelle—aux personnes appartenant aux Branches de la Société de Adyar—les seules branches an Sud-Amérique, hors du Venezuela —qui nous pensons sont intéresées dans le vrai Idéal de la Théosophie, dans la Doctrine du Cœur, et leur faire présent que la Société Théosophique fondée par H. P. Blavatsky y subsiste indemne a New York, sans jamais avoir départie de ses lignes originaires; que dans son Sancta Santorum y est la vrai Arche de l'Alliance avec du Manna frais; que le pont tendu en 1875 y est surveillé et brillant; que les Maîtres sont des étres réels, et pourtant, le Discipleship une possibilité ici et maintenant, puisque marchant notre Société sur les deux rails qui fixèrent H. P. B. et W. Q. J. "le chainon n'est pas cassé."

Parmi les amis visités il a en avait des personnes que nous connaissions par ses travaux, écrits théosophiques et correspondance ancienne. Notre émissaire en porta des *Fragmentos*, *La Sociedad Teosófica y la Teosofía*, *Los Yoga-Sutras de Patanjali*, et assez exemplaires de notre révue *Dharma*. Il alla rempli d'esprit missionaire, endossé par l'Ame de notre Société, et faisant un tas visible de toutes ces choses, ses dons morals et personnels: un succés garanti. Et il fit un succés d'amour, puisque a ce premier pas a repondu le cœur de ces compagnons américains. Partout le Répresentant de notre Mouvement fit recu avec sympathie et franc acceuil, aux pays que nous considerons de notre propiété espirituelle. Patrie, ce Continent, de la Doctrine du Cœur, les fils de notre aimée Amérique ne pouvaient autrement que répondre a l'appel de l'Ame.

Semblable a une vraie bénédiction, a son retour, le compagnon émissaire nous apporta les salutations et promesses de ces amis, lesquels, un jour plus ou moins lointain, ont de retourner, comme le Fils prodigue, a notre Société, la Maison du Pére. Beaucoup des lettres de réciprocité et sympathie nous avons reçu d'eux, et des livres pour notre Bibliothéque, avec des dédicaces touchantes.

Ainsi la sémence a été mise au sillon. Elle souffre le sommeil de sa geste silencieuse. Maintenant, a Dieu la pluie et le soleil. Aprés, avec la croissance, qui est la force des Maîtres, viendra l'éclosion. Et puis a nous sera une récolte des cœurs a moissoner.

Le jour même de votre reúnion a New York nous serons aussi réunis ici. Un même ardent désir pour que un complet succés couronne l'œuvre de notre Convention nous unira. Ce jour il n'y aura pas pour nous d'espace, et en vertu de notre actuaction supra dimensionnelle, expansive, la Convention sera "toute entière" a New York et "toute entière" a Caracas. Et identique sera notre aspiration pour que les bénédictions des nos Maîtres fondateurs qu'ils débordent sur notre Convention, puissions nous les faire déborder a notre tour, sur le monde, accomplissant ainsi sa Destinée originaire, et unis tous en courage pour compléter et fermer le cercle faisant ici-bas la Volonté du Pére comme elle se fait au Ciel.

JUAN J. BENZO,
Corresponding Secretary, Venezuela Branch.

Los Angeles, California.

To the Officers and Members of The Theosophical Society, in Annual Convention Assembled: The members of Pacific Branch extend to you a cordial greeting, with the added prayer for your recognition of the guiding influence of the Masters in the proceedings of this annual Convention.

It may be said that all of us are intensely imbued with the idea of service, but are we qualifying for such service? The enthusiastic propaganda of the elementary teachings of Theosophy does not constitute the service of the new cycle, but this does not imply discontinuance of such teaching, but simply emphasizes that any such should not be made the prime factor, as it is but the reflection of the inner spiritual basis, which latter should be the viewpoint of outer activity. We have been given a mass of information relative to truth, and how has the application been made of it? Real service embodies inner fitness. We cannot successfully carry a message of truth without being a living example of that truth. To know is to be, as an extension of oneself; then all the spiritual force in it carries with it the conviction of its spiritual reality; and this may be said to be the fitness that the Master seeks in us, patiently watching and assisting its development, as a prospective real service to Him and to the Power that He humbly serves. It naturally follows that the Master seeks in us the beginning and the continuance of *our own reconstruction*, aiding us with His sympathetic encouragement and constant helpfulness, and intervening against our own destruction. Sins of commission, or of any act of omission in the proper performance of daily duty, remaining unchecked, become a bar to progress; so our present concern should be about our self-improvement, in the making of a fitting vehicle which can readily be used by the Master at any time or place; and thus the laborer becomes worthy of his hire. In this effort of becoming, let one read seriously and ponder what Cavé has given us on this subject in *Fragments*, Vol. II, page 31, first paragraph; and we shall also learn the cause of so many distressing failures since the Masters bestowed upon us the glorious gift of the true knowledge of our Immortality, through their Agent, H. P. B., in the last quarter, in the last century.

Fraternally yours,

Alfred L. Leonard,
Secretary, Pacific Branch.

Newcastle-on-Tyne, England.

To the Secretary, The Theosophical Society: By the time you receive this, the Convention will be near at hand and I am looking forward to its being the splendid success that it was last year. It is my hope that it will evoke some soul-stirring message to the members generally, to the world at large, and to England in particular. With best wishes and heartiest greetings,

Yours very sincerely,

E. Howard Lincoln,
President, Newcastle-on-Tyne Lodge.

Salamanca, New York.

The Sravakas Branch sends greetings and fraternal good will to the Convention, regretting that we cannot be with you. We send all good wishes for the coming year.

Fraternally yours,

Carrie Higgins,
Secretary, Sravakas Branch.

San Fernando de Apure, Venezuela, S. A.

To the Members of the T. S. in Convention Assembled: In the world about us we see flux and change. This is a precious epoch for theosophical students. Now is the time when

reconstruction is possible, said Professor Mitchell. Firmly held convictions moved by a single purpose can be effective as never before. We should be such a body, such a nucleus! We have only to make our ideals live in ourselves, and so in the world, with all the power that is in us. Don't forget! Loyalty to our leaders, and recognition of principles! The Jehoshua Branch sends you hearty greetings and fraternal good wishes for a splendid and successful Convention.

Yours fraternally,

D. SALAS BAIZ,
President, Jehoshua Branch.

WHITLEY BAY, ENGLAND.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: Fraternal greetings of goodwill and fellowship! The closing year has been one of great opportunities, as we have individually recognized the growing need of many, for something definite to fill the place of the feeling of instability, insecurity, and lack of faith which the aftermath of war has occasioned. With the onward march of science, the old materialistic conceptions have been swept away, and with the individual persistently searching after truth, the leaders of the Churches in this country are recognizing the fact that to help and guide the people, the Church has to keep pace with the onward movement. Thus we have the Archbishop of York, at a recent Church Congress, stating that man wants a true religion as never before, and although religion attracts, the Church repels, because the Church which was concerned with its own interests, —in its methods, its self-assurance, its bitterness and unfairness, might be profoundly irreligious. Thus, in the development of science, and in the outlook of the leaders of the Churches towards a larger and greater conception of the universe, and of man's relation to it and to God, there has been awakened in many the desire for a true religion; and so the opportunity has arisen for the sowing of the seed in the endeavour to help the individual in his search for truth.

Year by year the Convention becomes a milestone from which we look backward on the path of progress, but what is more important we also look forward into the vistas of the future path which we are to tread: how we stand with regard to past opportunities; what we will endeavour to do with the opportunities that are to come; how relatively great has been the gain; how relatively little has been the loss. And thus at this time we feel at one with you in spirit and goodwill towards all created things, and we acknowledge the impetus given us by the members in Convention assembled, and what they symbolize, and from which we derive inspiration to further effort.

Faithfully yours,

FREDERICK A. ROSS,
President, Blavatsky Lodge.

BERLIN-WILMERSDORF, GERMANY.

To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: Our small circle asks you to accept our heartiest greetings and sincerest wishes for a successful Convention.

Since receipt of the July QUARTERLY, 1922, we have occupied ourselves at our meetings for members only with last year's Convention report, the contents of which is full beyond measure with encouraging and animating ideas.

We are deeply indebted to all speakers for the assistance received, as our lesson and the principles involved have been so clearly put before us, and precisely defined in view of the present situation of the world.

We see our work in the effort to change the hearts of the German people.

Although its conduct—which led to the occupation of the Ruhr—is sufficient evidence that

the atonement and conversion we have so ardently striven for for our nation has not yet taken place. We shall not cease, however, in praying to the Master to let the impulses for this change in the hearts of our people become an active driving force, and to enable us to pay every due respect to the principles of the T. S. through right understanding, and fearless action.

We shall commemorate the day of the Convention—as we have always done—as a day on which we are going to prepare ourselves, heart and soul, for the loving inspiration of an unconditional surrender to our mutual ideal.

With many fraternal wishes:

OSKAR STOLL. ALFRED FRIEDEWALD.

In a personal letter Mr. Friedewald writes: "In conclusion I want to mention once more in loving thought and remembrance the death of Mrs. Raatz, who was an ardent seeker of the truth."

BERLIN, GERMANY.

To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: A number of members of the Theosophical Movement in Germany express herewith their vivid and hearty interest in the Convention of The Theosophical Society and wish that the efforts of the Convention may contribute to the well-being of the whole of mankind.

The following named members: O. Bethge, L. Bethge, H. Walzer, N. Hanff, G. Hanff, O. Ihrke, O. Scheerer, F. Scheerer, F. Kase, F. Weber, O. Weber have the intention to work to that end so far as possible with all their faculties, and thanks for all the help already received.

Fraternally yours,

O. IHRKE.

BUDAPEST, HUNGARY.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: We send from here our greetings and best wishes to the members assembled in Convention.

We have lived already two years in Budapest. During this time we have had correspondence with the members of our Branch, Aussig, Czecho-Slovakia. We tried to take part in the Branch work by studying the same themes of the Branch meetings and by the exchange of QUARTERLY translations.

By our study we feel often the help which membership in the Society gives us. Especially we may say this in relation to the German Problem. The principles of Theosophy make it possible to find the right thoughts and the right attitude, even if it is sometimes very hard for us to see the truth.

We express our gratitude, and with the hope for a successful Convention, remain

Fraternally yours,

FRANZ WILLKOMM,
MARIE WILLKOMM.

DÜSSELDORF, GERMANY.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: As I know how generously Masters do accept the tiniest gift of love, I send this letter of greeting. For this Convention is a work of the Lodge. With best wishes for the success of the Convention.

Fraternally yours,

SANDOR WEISS.

LUNENBURG, MASSACHUSETTS.

To the Secretary T. S.: As the time of the Convention draws near I desire to send you greeting. While I may not be present in the body, yet my heart turns there and prays that the Convention may be filled with the spirit of Masters. The Conventions I was privileged to attend, ever remain a source of inspiration and help.

Yours sincerely and fraternally,

ARTHUR W. BARRETT.

TRIESTE, ITALY.

To The Theosophical Society Assembled in Convention: Again a year is over, and, since the last Convention, the situation in Europe has become more difficult. Again the Black forces are at work everywhere; in Russia the Bolsheviks have declared open war against Heaven, forming, as they say, the "front against God." Churches are pillaged, priests are murdered, private and public morals systematically destroyed. Notwithstanding this, civilized Europe concludes commercial and political conventions with such a country! We see already the effects of this connection with the evil, by the progressive growth of evil forces throughout the Continent, which is again menaced by war from every part.

In this general spiritual and material confusion, our only hope and trust is in love for the Master, and the consolation derived from the reading of the QUARTERLY and correspondence with our New York friends. With our whole heart and soul we are there with you, and we beg you to send us in our loneliness your sympathy and fraternal thoughts.

Fraternally and faithfully yours,

A. PLISNIER,
THERESA PLISNIER.

REVIEWS

Poems of Lucile Du Pré, with an Introduction by Katharine Lee Bates; published by B. J. Brimmer Company, Boston, 1923.

Lucile Du Pré and her mother before her, were life-long and devoted members of The Theosophical Society. Both mother and daughter were gifted women; both possessed great personal charm: but the daughter, the author of these poems, had gifts so extraordinary that if chronic illness had not kept its iron hand upon her, she would have become famous both as musician and as poet. She died some twelve months ago, in Denver, where she had lived and suffered and laboured for years, and where her memory will always be cherished by the few who recognized her great qualities of heart, her rare refinement, and the talents which brought her within the pale of genius.

We are grateful to Miss Bates for her Foreword, itself a work of art and of beauty; but we are still more grateful to the friends who collected Miss Du Pré's poems and who have given them permanent form in a volume which—with book-making almost a lost craft—is a delight to the eye, and proof that Labour Unions have not yet been able to destroy all the skill, and all the self-respect, which printers used to enjoy (the work was done by the Press of N. A. Lindsey & Co., Marblehead, Mass.).

As Miss Bates says: "The religious note in these poems throbs from the patient faith of 'His Voice Calls' through the holy passion of 'Easter Even' to intimate communion.

'Loosen these bonds that I have tangled so,
Lift Thou my brother's burden that I could not bear!
Master, I can but worship, can but know
That Thou wilt pray for me and be my prayer.'"

All things in nature and in life, however, were seen religiously; that is, were seen as manifestations of a divine spirit, as expressions of His eternal loveliness.

"The day wanes and the light grows dim,
Cloud flowers of the west
Drift to the sunset's brimming rim,
And stars sing low their vesper hymn
And earth gives thanks for rest."

There is nothing anywhere in these poems of the modern spirit,—none of that straining for bizarre effect which has reduced so much of current "poetry" to the disgusting level of "jazz." Miss Du Pré's verse is full of music (she was musician always). Her manner is exquisitely simple.

"His voice calls ever through our silences,
He knows our pain will cease;
Trial by fiery love is of the Master
And when He wills it, peace."

The longer poems must be read in the book itself, but "Postponement," of but two verses, we can give in full.

"So drenched with tears our love has grown,
So soon our love must die;
We may not claim it for our own
Beneath this changing sky;
We can but suffer each alone
Know it and pass it by.

"Tall lilies blow in Paradise;
Look up, Most Dear, and see
How fair and fairest to our eyes
Love waits for you and me—
Not lost but Heaven-kept for us,
Safe in Eternity."

May it be unto her according to her desire! Her dreams were dreams of great beauty; her will was faithful and true: in the light of His face, may it be unto her according to her desire!

G. E.

Neighbors Henceforth, by Owen Wister (The Macmillan Company, $2.00).

The reviewer hopes that many thousands of Americans, and all others able to read English for that matter, will read this admirably conceived and brilliantly executed book. Mr. Wister made two trips to France and the battle areas, one shortly after the Armistice, and the second late in 1920, intending to stay two months, but found himself impelled to "stay eight." He felt from the start that he understood the French better than most Americans, because he has loved them and lived with them throughout a life-time. He was aware of young and fighting America's lack of civilization, and consequent lack of understanding and of tact, with the resulting friction between Americans and French. He set himself the none too easy task of peace-maker. He endeavoured on the spot to reconcile such individuals as he could, because, "I did not want our soldiers to go home hating the French"—and his conversations form entertaining reading. He also set himself to write a plea for better relations, more permanent friendship, and a truer understanding of the French and of France.

In the reviewer's opinion he has succeeded. He has written a moving book, a truly moving book, one which should reach the minds and hearts of his countrymen, if they will but read it. His pictures of the "devastated areas" lift this phrase out of the common-place of half-forgotten newspaper articles and photographs, and make of it a personal affair,—in very truth the hurt, the wound of a friend.

Finally, Mr. Wister reasons with his countrymen about their present attitude. "If you continue to consider that none of this has anything to do with you, you are the biggest fool of the lot." "You can't gracefully shake hands with somebody else's enemy." "Against stupidity the gods themselves contend in vain." "Greater tragedy than the premature Armistice and the belated Treaty cannot be met in history." "Prayers granted to Germany do not improve her soul." He gives in an Appendix one of the two published and undestroyed stenographic reports of the sessions of the Big Four at Versailles, showing that Wilson had but one idea—his own—and stuck to it; showing Lloyd George brutal and a bully; showing Paderewski capable of true nobility and a patriot,—and revealing how lack of character in the men involved betrayed the righteous—nay—the sacred Cause of the Allies.

A book that will do good, a book for which Americans must be grateful, a book to be read for entertainment, for understanding, and for the significance of being, and of having, a true Ally.

A. G.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 280.—*Why does not the* QUARTERLY *use a capital letter in such words as "they" and "their" when referring to Masters? You frequently use a capital when speaking of Christ as "He" or "Him." Madame Blavatsky used capitals freely.*

ANSWER.—The QUARTERLY does not generally use capitals when referring to Christ, unless it is necessary in order to make the meaning of a sentence clear. If a contributor sends us an article in which appears some such sentence as—"Following the advice of his friend, he had done his best to serve Him," and has capitalized the "H" in his manuscript so as to make it evident that the reference is to Christ, it is not easy, without re-writing the sentence, to convey the same meaning with a small "h." Occasionally we are confronted with the same difficulty in references to Masters, and are obliged to capitalize pronouns accordingly. In all cases, we endeavour not to do so.

Neither the Bible nor the Prayer Book of the Episcopal Church, uses an initial capital in pronouns which refer to deity. Thus, in the Lord's Prayer, it is written: "For thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory."

Madame Blavatsky used capitals freely, not as an evidence of her respect, but solely to arrest the attention. As the result of long and painful experience, she had probably come to the conclusion that only the very few read anything with attention, unless it is made to jump at them, and she certainly did not imagine that Masters are honoured by the use of Capitals, or of double-leaded italics, or by any kind of hysterical references. Masters are not Christmas Trees, to be decorated with the tinsel of our words. Gautama Buddha, centuries ago, explained that if we effuse a flood of praise, describing someone, whether living or dead, as (let us say) "that true Saint, that great and glorious soul, that most blessed and holy man," we are claiming in effect an understanding and appreciation of saintliness, holiness, spirituality, which it does not follow that we possess. Strange as it may seem, The Theosophical Society itself and its members, have been humiliated more frequently by well-meant praise, than by adverse criticism.

EDITORS.

QUESTION NO. 281.—*How would you define Theosophy to one outside The Theosophical Society?*

ANSWER.—Usually the best way is to suggest that the inquirer read Prof. Mitchell's pamphlet "Theosophy and the Theosophical Society." If that is not practical, much can often be accomplished by explaining what Theosophy is not. Most peoples' minds are full of misconceptions which must be cleared away before they can gain any idea of what Theosophy means. Theosophy—Divine Wisdom—obviously cannot be defined or limited. It is not any dogma or set of dogmas, not Re-incarnation or Karma or any other given belief, any more than Geography is the study of the State of Kansas. It may or may not include that, but Geography would not be affected if Kansas sank to the bottom of the sea. Theosophy is what is back of the wisdom of the ages, the art and science of life, the laws that govern the growth and the happiness of the Soul. It cannot be understood in a moment; no real science can be. The Theosophical Society has been studying it for nearly fifty years and has obtained some glimpses of what it means and of its beauty.

J. F. B. M.

QUESTION NO. 282.—*It seems sometimes that one possesses a reserve of spiritual power and knowledge—presumably garnered in other incarnations—which is quite useless at present because there is apparently no way to make it available to the personal man. On the other hand, it is so easy to manifest one's accumulated vices and ignorance. Why is evil so much nearer to the surface than good?*

ANSWER.—Occultism may be described as the art of making available the spiritual capital of the soul. But that capital cannot be given away to an impure and self-blinded personality. The reserve of power and knowledge must be withheld from manifestation because it would be worse than useless if manifested. The lower nature would immediately transmute it into base metal. Are not our present vices and ignorance the results of former perversions of spiritual qualities?

The Universe exists for the purposes of the soul, but that does not mean that we are born for the purpose of giving our personalities a good time. Power and knowledge are doled out to most of us in small lots, but we may be sure that we are always given enough to meet the evil of the moment. For, if it be true that the Lords of Karma withhold from us much of our spiritual reserve, it is equally true that they protect us from our vices, which become manifest in us only as we are able to combat them.

S. L.

ANSWER.—All power is from the soul, but the soul can only act on this plane through the personality. Our vices are spiritual powers distorted, stolen from the soul and used by the personality for its own purposes. It is the duty of the soul to purify the personality so that it may be a perfect expression of the soul, a completely obedient instrument. If we are looking out of a clean window we see the daylight, not the window. Mud on the glass is nearer to us than the daylight. Every duty faithfully performed, every fault honestly attacked, cleanses the glass by so much, and brings us so much more of the "reserve" of daylight beyond. The daylight will come in if we will let it, but it will not cleanse our window for us. We must do that for ourselves.

J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—Is not the answer to this question bound up in the nature of the store of force which is involved in "habits"? The personal man is an accumulation of habits, physical and mental. All habits tend to repeat themselves unless new elements are brought in, which break up the combination. Our consciousness perceives and identifies itself with what is prevalent, unless persistent effort is directed toward refusing so to do. Reserve of spiritual power is surely there for use, but the necessity upon us is that we have to go and get it, making definite efforts to do so; and for the most part we are too inert and blind to perceive the need, being blinded and weakened by that very superficial habit of selfishness which paralyses our efforts.

A. K.

ANSWER.—"Why is evil so much nearer to the surface than good?" Nearer to what surface? What is a surface? Does the surface of a tree—or of a man—mean the same thing to you that it means to a Master? Does not a surface mean the point, or horizon, at which you are able to observe things as objective phenomena,—a line, as it were, between the invisibles above and the invisibles below? Does not the place of this line differ as between any two observers? Where is your level of consciousness?

Probably the questioner means, however, that he is more aware of the evil in himself than of the good. In very rare cases, this is a calamity. In the vast majority of cases, it would be a still greater calamity (not infrequently observable) if the individual were more aware of the good in himself than of the evil. If we were God, we should leave the questioner where he is, and risk it.

R. A.

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The Theosophical Society

Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875

THE Society does not pretend to be able to establish at once a universal brotherhood among men, but only strives to create the nucleus of such a body. Many of its members believe that an acquaintance with the world's religions and philosophies will reveal, as the common and fundamental principle underlying these, that "spiritual identity of all Souls with the Oversoul" which is the basis of true brotherhood; and many of them also believe that an appreciation of the finer forces of nature and man will still further emphasize the same idea.

The organization is wholly unsectarian, with no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose; neither is it to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who are expected to accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they desire for their own.

The following proclamation was adopted at the Convention of the Society, held at Boston, April, 1895:

"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

"To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race, or religious belief, who aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness, and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of men and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

"It joins hands with all religions and religious bodies whose efforts are directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and it avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane, and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to announce and confirm a *scientific basis for ethics*.

"And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the *path* to tread in this."

Applications for membership should be addressed to the Secretary T. S., P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York.